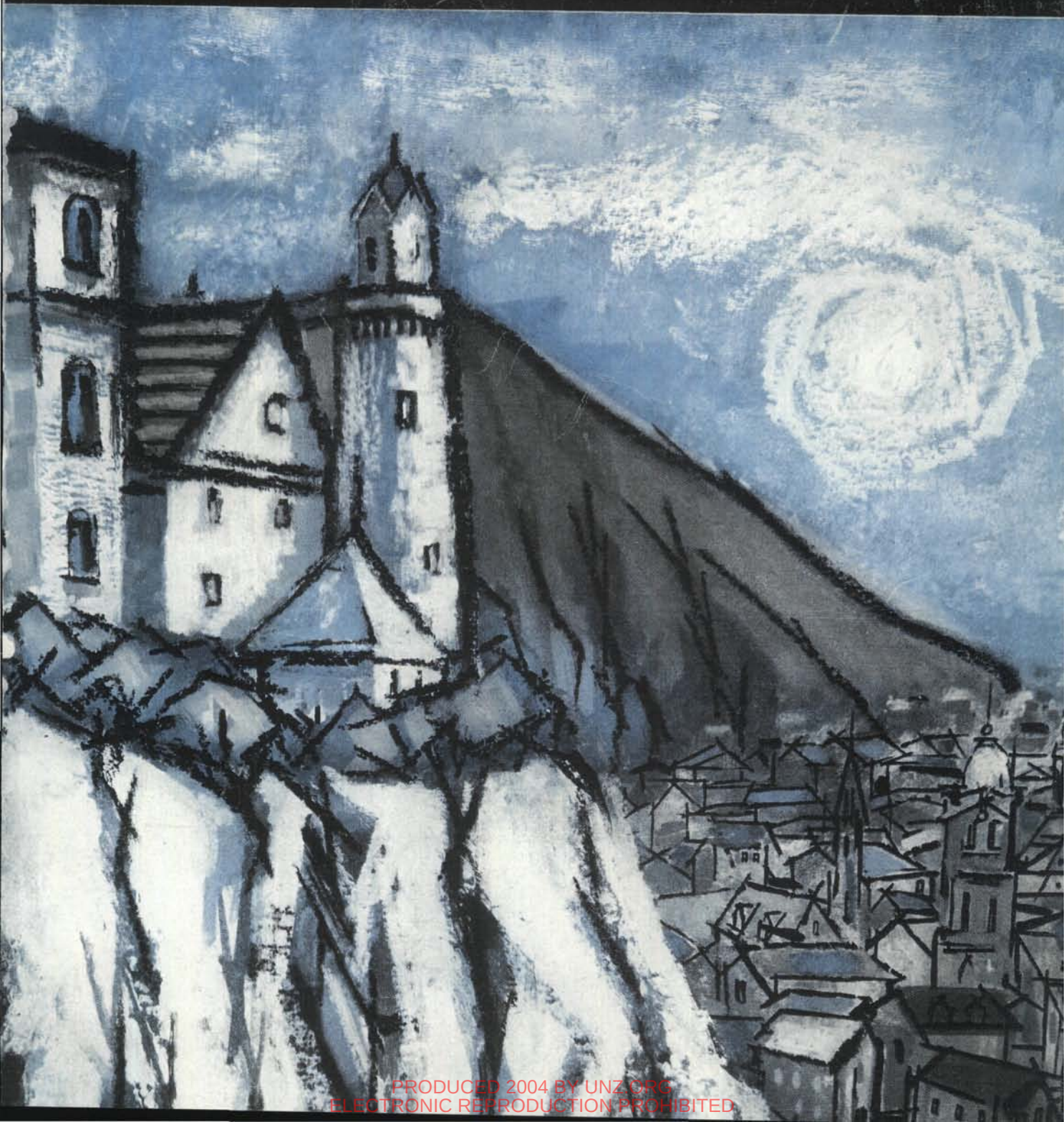
TEXAS: Land of Wealth and Fear

May 25, 1954 25c

The Saar (page 18)

The Reporter



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Under his jacket

Are you proud that he has everything he needs as he starts the adventure of each day at school? Be prouder still of something hidden under his trim jacket —the stout heart that sends him off unafraid and eager.

This, too, you have given him because your love has made his small world secure. With it, he will build his own security as each challenge comes, in those days when he must stand alone without you.

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And think, too—this is the way each of us helps build the security of our country, by simply taking care of our own. A secure America is the sum of its secure homes.

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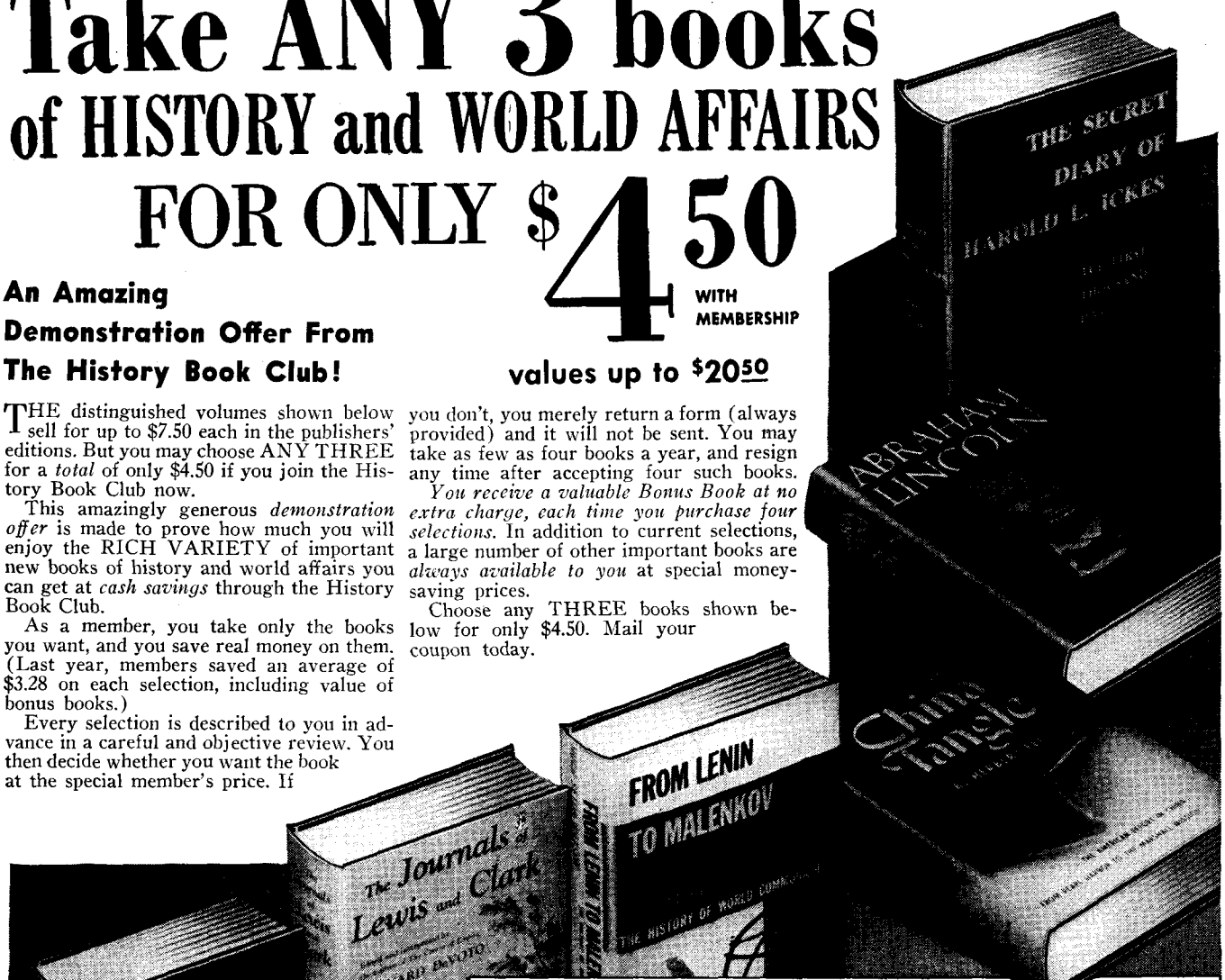
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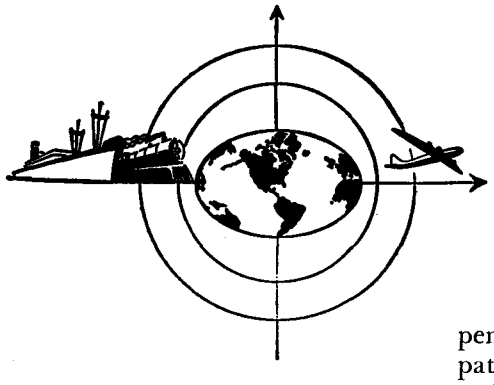

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Life's Little Disappointments

One *Life* editorial writer must have winced every time he saw *Life's* May 3 issue at a newsstand or in a barbershop. For during the crumbling days of our Indo-China policy, he had chosen as his theme optimism about the Dulles diplomacy.

". . . There is now at least a chance," said *Life,* "for the free world to survive Geneva with its solidarity and its frontiers unimpaired. The whole position has been changed by the active diplomacy of John Foster Dulles, abetted by the grim logic of events.

"[Dulles] . . . made it seem U.S. policy to fight if necessary for the freedom of Indochina . . . [He] forced Congressmen to look this commitment in the face, and won considerable bipartisan support for his bold course. . . . [He] strengthened the hand of Britain's more resolute leaders like Anthony Eden."

During the week end this went to press, the following things were happening (according to newspaper dispatches and the Congressional Quarterly):

Saturday, April 24. *Geneva:* France has asked for direct large-scale intervention in the Indo-China war by U.S. aircraft manned by American crews. However, she has been told it is impossible for President Eisenhower to sanction such a move in peacetime.

New Orleans: In a speech Speaker Joseph W. Martin said the Administration has no intention of sending U.S. foot soldiers into Indo-China.

Sunday, April 25. *London:* The British Cabinet rejected any suggestion that the Government was moving toward military intervention now in support of French Union forces fighting the Communist-led rebels. *Geneva:* Mr. Eden had found it necessary to inform M. Bidault that Britain was in no position to give the military aid requested.

Monday, April 26: *Washington:* Senator Edwin Johnson (D., Colorado) said the Indo-China war was not a war of Communist aggression, and accused the Administration of running a "crusade to send troops to Indo-China." Senator Milton Young (R., North Dakota) said "the sooner we get out of Indo-China the better it will be." Representative Clarence Cannon (D., Missouri) called on the Administration to tell Congress clearly "whether we will defend Indo-China or not." Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. (D., New York) urged withdrawal of all forces and a U.N. trusteeship over Indo-China. Representative Walter Judd (R., Minnesota) said the crisis in Indo-China must be solved by France and the people of Vietnam. If there was any bipartisan support for Mr. Dulles's policy, or any clear idea on Capitol Hill what the policy was supposed to be, the public record did not reveal it.

Also on April 26: The newspapers broke out in a rash of dispatches from Geneva, like this one in the Washington *Post and Times-Herald:*

"The United States will not enter the Indo-China war to save any or all of that country from conquest by Communist forces. This became abundantly clear here today as the American view on the Indo-China crisis was learned on the eve of the Geneva conference. . . ."

The source of this new policy statement, according to a later broadcast by Drew Pearson, was Mr. Dulles, in another of the off-the-record press conferences for which the Administration is becoming famous.

Later that week, *Life* hit the stands. Mr. Dulles had already eaten his words, but *Life* was distributing, with editorial approval, five million copies of them: "These risks are far less than would face us a few years from now if we dare not be resolute today."

Happy Days Are Here Again

Gimbels ran an ad for color TV sets the other day in the New York

THE SENATOR AND 'BOB'

Olympus rocks with laughter: the anarchist
Cries "Order!"; the brawler, plaintive, scolds delay,
The disrupter damns interruption to insist
On fairness, who—day after bullying day—
Disdains it. This is the kind of mortal show
To convulse the gods: seeing how indecent men
Through power and guile bring decent men so low,
So familiar with evil that they sit quiet when
Obscene and shaming insult slaps their face
Into a smile: this substitute for pride,
This genial coin with which a business race
Pays off its rage and pushes honor aside.

The gods may laugh; but let no man assume
That laughter is in order in this room.

—SEC

Postmaster: Please send notice on Form 3578 and returned copies under label Form 3579 to Fortnightly Publishing Company, Inc., 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. THE REPORTER, May 25, 1954, Volume 10, No. 11. Entered as second-class matter at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Tuesday, except for omission of two summer issues, by Fortnightly Publishing Company, Inc., Washington & South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Editorial & business offices, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Copyright 1954 by Fortnightly Publishing Company, Inc. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U. S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

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Times that should go a long way toward stopping all this scare talk about unemployment, steel-production rates, and rolling readjustment. The sets cost a thousand dollars ("delivery: practically immediately"), and Gimbels feels that you couldn't get rid of a G-note to better advantage.

"Put your money where it shows," the headline advised. And the ad went on to caution that a thousand spent on a cruise would leave you with nothing but "an hour's table talk and a batch of photos," that you would be positively embarrassed to be seen in a second-hand car at that price, and that even a Persian lamb coat would get you no more than "a goggle or two from the neighbors." (Did Gimbels's fur department O.K. the ad?) Vanity, vanity, saith the copywriter, all this is vanity. But for the real solid satisfaction that comes from consumption that is truly conspicuous in the modern manner, there's nothing like "owning the first RCA Victor color set in the neighborhood."

These results are promised: ". . . strangers will drop in to chat. . . . Distant cousins will fly into town to visit. . . . You'll be courted, cultivated, cosseted – and envied – by friends and enemies." Presumably most of these rewards will come your way only two hours a week in New York, when color telecasts are transmitted to the Joneses and to those who are keeping up with them. Of course if you play your cards right you may be able to stir up a certain amount of envy every single day from 11:30 to noon, when color patterns are broadcast.

We ourselves are not actually in the market—still trying to get rid of the distant cousins who arrived on the bus just after we had electric lights put in—but we rest easier at night just knowing that Gimbels is convinced there are a lot of people walking around with thousand-dollar bills. Gimbels isn't in business for its health, after all, and an ad like that costs money.

What do you say now, Walter Reuther?

Confucius on McCarthy

(*According to Will Durant*)

"Obscurity of thought and insincere inaccuracy of speech seemed to him national calamities."

SCHINANIGANS

(*A broadcast by ERIC SEVAREID over CBS Radio April 29*)

IF THERE is any sense of political humor left in the country, which I frequently doubt, we will probably have a new musical comedy one of these days entitled "Rise and Schine," in which a basso profundo in the wings will repeatedly sing the theme song called "Point of Order" (not to be confused with the novel entitled *Point of No Return*). With or without music, a rerun of the current Washington soap opera can be a distinct service to the public, provided the program prints a clear outline of the plot and identifies the part each of the characters is playing. By five o'clock this afternoon, the folks in my neighborhood, whether they were pro- or anti-McCarthy, couldn't tell, any more, who were the good guys and who the bad guys.

There was a newcomer in our group and he gave us expert spectators quite a rough time with his questions. The conversation in front of the television set went, in parts, about like this:

"McCarthy and Stevens, they're both Republicans, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, how come they are fighting each other, then?"

We said they were probably also human beings.

"Well, now that Jackson and McClellan and that Symington, they're Democrats . . . How come they seem to be defending the Republican Secretary of the Army while the Republican members of the committee don't seem interested in defending him?"

All we could answer was that Washington is full of wheels within wheels, sometimes big wheels within small wheels.

"What's so funny about Private Schine being out out in front of a bunch of generals? Isn't that the way it usually is in a war?"

We said it was, but in this war the men in the rear weren't exactly supporting the private at the front.

He said, "Who's Schine scared of? That lawyer in front of him or his generals in back of him?" We thought this was probably the first time in history a private has been more scared of a civilian than of a general.

The newcomer said, "Isn't that Mundt in the middle?" We said Mundt was in the middle all right. "Why doesn't he use that hammer?" We said he probably saves the hammer till after the sessions to hit himself over the head with because it feels so good when he stops.

He said "McCarthy must be reading someone else's lines. There he is objecting to a witness being browbeaten." We replied that McCarthy does not like to see privates browbeaten, only generals, especially generals who undignify themselves by sitting next to Assistant Secretaries of Defense. "Look," he said later. "There's Senator Dworshak squabbling with McCarthy about that letterhead. I thought McCarthy handpicked Dworshak to represent him on the committee." "Well," we said, "in politics when you grab for a rose you often get a thorn; besides, Dworshak also represents a lot of people in Idaho where television is believed to have penetrated by now."

THE newcomer said, "Is Private Schine a Communist?" We said "Of course not. What gave you that idea?" "Well," he said, "they keep talking about the Army 'coddling' him, and according to McCarthy it is Communists the Army coddles." "Well," we said, "the Army is a big melting pot, where anybody who falls into it is likely to be coddled, steamed, or parboiled. In any case," we said, "Schine is not being coddled at the moment, Schine is being roasted."

The newcomer observed that this was not very funny and went on to ask, "With all those generals and Secretaries tied up there, who is minding the store?" All we could say to that was that it's pretty hard for anybody to wait on the customers when a couple of small boys keep throwing bricks through the plate-glass window.

The newcomer said we were confusing him more than the hearing. We said if that were true we would immediately put a bullet through our head or run for the Senate. And on this inconclusive note the conversation ended, which, come to think of it, is how the hearing ended too.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE RED AND THE BLACK

To the Editor: Edmond Taylor has written an outstanding article ("Germany: Where Fascism and Communism Meet," *The Reporter,* April 13). It is not surprising at all to find such a gang of demagogues all pulling on one string. They all have something in common: namely, their intense hatred of humanity, democracy, and civilization.

IRVING HABERMAN
Newark, New Jersey

To the Editor: I wish to express my personal consternation at the references made to Miss Freda Utley by Edmond Taylor in his piece on Germany which appears in your April 13, 1954, issue.

Equating Miss Utley, because of a friendship with Dr. Achenbach, with possible Neo-Nazi-Communist influences is to apply precisely a guilt by association theory not worthy of *The Reporter's* posture of fighting the polemic techniques referred to as "McCarthyism."

With passion and fury reigning in our ideational marketplace as they do these days, it becomes incumbent upon all of us to exhibit a kind of polemical statesmanship which rejects the use of half-truth, innuendo, and guilt by remote association.

IRVING FERMAN
Bethesda, Maryland

To the Editor: Before coming to this country two years ago, I had many opportunities to observe some of the developments which Mr. Taylor discusses in his article. In connection with civic education work with German women's organizations (I was director of a Bureau für Frauenfragen in Wiesbaden), I had particular occasion to be familiar with the pacifist enterprises promoted by Dr. Gustav Heinemann and Pastor Niemöller and with the way in which they were being used by the Communists for promoting the East Zone propaganda line with unsuspecting women's groups. This was particularly dangerous because the Protestant affiliations of both Dr. Heinemann and Pastor Niemöller provided a respectable setting for the confusion that was promoted at meetings they sponsored in the name of "peace." Many came to their meetings who could not have been attracted to meetings openly sponsored by the Communists.

ANTJE BULTMANN LEMKE
Fayetteville, New York

To the Editor: While reading Edmond Taylor's recent article on Germany, I was forcibly struck by the resemblance of the terminology to that which is often found in less liberal and objective publications. For example, in discussing Dr. Achenbach, Mr. Taylor makes the following statement: "As the F.D.P.'s official adviser on foreign affairs, he was in a position to make Naumann's pro-Soviet views heard in high places." How frequently in recent years have we read almost the same words used to create impressions of guilt in a somewhat different cause? Substitute as follows: "As the State Department's official adviser on the Far East, he was in a position to make the party's views heard in high places." Or substitute the following for the discussion of the "Naumann circle": "The Hiss circle —the convicted perjurer and a dozen or so close associates such as Pressman—was a small group, but it was the nexus of a nationwide Communist conspiracy."

The permeation of Mr. Taylor's article with such phrases suggests to me that liberal journalism must exercise greater vigilance against conclusions from innuendoes and partial information if it is not to become equally guilty of the irresponsibility so frequently encountered in our more conservative publications. The tendency among liberals to employ the principle of guilt by association, to utilize the most tenuous of connections as the basis for condemnation of their opponents as members of organized fascist movements, is, at least to this writer, quite as dangerous as the tendency to link any liberal-noncomformist with Soviet subversion.

Undoubtedly Mr. Taylor's article is in large part an accurate portrayal of a German movement which needs the closest attention. Its impact, however, would have been greater if the reader had had the benefit of more extensive factual evidence and fewer conclusions based upon sketchily presented information. Is not an article based upon a systematic presentation of the facts better journalism than one which is written in terms of "reliable reports," "close associations," and pseudo-psychological analyses?

DAVID D. KNAPP
Durham, New Hampshire

To the Editor: You and Edmond Taylor ought to be highly commended for your detailed and exhaustive article on Germany. Most of us have not been too well informed about the "New" Germany's reactionaries. According to the most recent reports of newspapers in Germany (e.g., the respectable *Neue Illustrierte*) these splinter groups, as described by Taylor, amount to less than nothing.

HANS A. ILLING
Los Angeles

Mr. Taylor replies:
Like several of the correspondents who have commented on my article, I deplore the fact that it was not possible to document all the statements of fact contained in it with irrefutable references to public sources. To the reader who is unfamiliar with current conditions in Germany, it might possibly have added weight to some of the statements in my article if I had cited as authorities responsible publications like the daily *Frankfurter Rundschau* in Germany or the Bulletin of the Anti-Defamation League in

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the United States. Actually, a careful researcher could compile from these and similar public sources an article much longer and somewhat more sensational than mine.

I deliberately omitted from my article a good deal of material which had previously appeared in responsible publications because I could not obtain any independent corroboration for it. What I retained was vouched for by German or Allied officials in whom I had confidence. I assume that most of the information came ultimately from German police files, but the officials whom I consulted were qualified to evaluate the authenticity of the raw information and I had reason to believe that they only passed on to me for use in my article what they were convinced was the truth. Most of the information used in my article was corroborated by officials of two—and sometimes three—countries. Furthermore in nearly every case I was able to obtain independent and nonofficial corroboration from responsible officers of the West German Social Democratic Party, a thoroughly democratic, well-informed Opposition source. Some of the sources I consulted in the United States had first-hand inside knowledge of the conspiracy.

With regard to Mr. Ferman's protest against equating Miss Utley with possible neo-Nazi-Communist influences, it should be pointed out that my article carried no implication of guilt by association but stressed Miss Utley's unquestioned sincerity as an anti-Communist, precisely because it seemed such a striking example of a bona fide witch hunter being fooled by the witches. The moral as I saw it was that witch hunting not only persecutes the innocent but protects the guilty.

PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT . . .

To the Editor: I enjoyed in your most excellent magazine Marya Mannes's "Souls for Sale" (*The Reporter,* April 13). Best piece of art writing yet!

REGINALD MARSH
New York

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

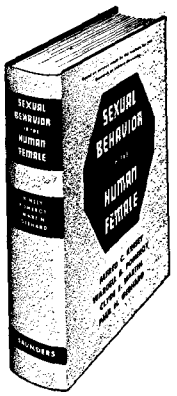
To the Editor: *The Reporter's* record in the field of independent journalism makes it a pleasure for me to send my congratulations on the occasion of that journal's fifth anniversary. May your stimulating publication have continued success in its self-avowed task of exploring the "zones of silence" in the world of ideas and events.

L. B. PEARSON
Secretary of State for
External Affairs
Ottawa

To the Editor: May I make this opportunity to congratulate you on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of *The Reporter* magazine.

I find *The Reporter* most essential in my work in Congress. Its point of view is always provocative, objective, and informative.

EMANUEL CELLER
House of Representatives
Washington



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A limit on brainpower

Above all, the authors ask whether–in our passion for specialization – we are creating a society that is beyond the power of average people to run. We have already lowered our standards in order to fill our requirements. How far down the intelligence scale can we go for specialists? Are we carrying the professional idea too far?

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The author believes that the "curative" approach does not meet the requirements of our complex civilization–that the advances of the biological sciences have made it obsolete. He suggests a new orientation in medical teaching and practice toward healthy people in a healthy society.

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He rejects socialized medicine as a panacea. He *does* show how government agencies can help. His really revolutionary idea involves the *nature* of medical care. Here is a searching criticism – a ringing challenge – a plea for an about-face in medical outlook – for a healthy concern with the adventures of living instead of a morbid preoccupation with the threat of death.

THE MEANING OF SOCIAL MEDICINE

BY IAGO GALDSTON

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WHAT's the matter with Texas? Quite a few worried people have been asking the question. As if to recharge his batteries, Senator McCarthy makes frequent visits to Texas, and Texas rather than Wisconsin seems to be his constituency. Is Texas the heartland of McCarthia? To find answers to these and many more questions, our National Correspondent, **Theodore H. White,** went to Texas on his first major assignment since his return to his native shores. The first installment of his report, appearing in this issue, deals with the predominantly economic elements that have brought Texas such gigantic wealth–and such gigantic fears for its wealth. In his second and final installment Mr. White will take up Texas politics and what is called "Shiverism."

WILL the Saar become the first truly European territory and thus eliminate a constant source of irritation between French and Germans, or once again, as after the First World War, will it prove to be no more than a stamping ground for German nationalism? **Richard Yahraes,** who served as an information officer with the United States High Commission in Germany and is now a free-lance writer in Europe, is of course concerned with the political aspect of this problem, but his article deals with people–the Saarlanders with whom he has talked–rather than with theories.

As a general rule, meetings of the Daughters of the American Revolution are quaint, solemn affairs at which earnest ladies, somewhat of the Helen Hokinson type, give their own impersonations of the Statue of Liberty. Reporters are expected to be edified; usually they are bored. At this year's meeting, however, at least one of the speakers, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, had some things to say that were certainly astonishing. **Dorothy Kahn,** a member of our Washington staff, attended the meeting.

The momentous question as to whether whites and Negroes should or should not study together in the public schools of the South may soon be brought to an end by a Supreme Court decision. Some thoughtful Southerners have tried to anticipate what the impact of a decision against segregation may be, and our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** reports on their findings.

We are not exactly happy to be publishing **Claire Sterling's** account of the troubled situation in Algeria. We know it will make as unpleasant reading for many of our French friends as it has for us. Yet the chain of crises faced by the French all the way from Indo-China to North Africa is very much the concern of the whole civilized world–and, first of all, of the United States. Mrs. Sterling, our staff writer in Rome, returned not long ago from an extended trip through North Africa.

It is interesting to see what history and politics have done to a writer who has never been primarily interested in either. **Somerset Maugham's** graceful acceptance of the revolution he has seen Britain go through during his lifetime is greatly to his credit.

Marya Mannes adds another picture to her gallery of ourselves as others see us.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., professor of history at Harvard and a frequent contributor to this magazine, looks at Theodore Roosevelt's attempt and ultimate failure to remake the Republican Party in the Lincoln tradition.

Two men generally credited with considerable influence in the shaping of contemporary Indian policy are V. K. Krishna Menon and K. M. Panikkar. Panikkar's attitude can scarcely be said to favor the West, and **Harold Isaacs** proves that the brilliant Mr. Panikkar has never been guilty of consistency. Mr. Isaacs, author of *No Peace for Asia* and *The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution,* is now with the Center for International Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Our cover, a German landscape, is by **Marilyn Miller,** a young California artist now working in New York.

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Glimpses of the Army-McCarthy Hearings

AURELIUS BATTAGLIA

Committee Counsel Jenkins

Senator McCarthy and Roy Cohn

Senators Mundt, Symington, McClellan, and Jackson

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Needed: a Coalition Government—I

NOTHING could be easier these days than to inflict on the Eisenhower-Dulles Administration the same punishment Messrs. Truman and Acheson have taken since China fell.

What has made our leaders so truculent in speech and meek in action? How could these hapless men be so swept by their own intemperate hyperboles as to concentrate all their threats against the only move the enemy was not likely to make—open intervention by Chinese troops on the battlefields of Indo-China? And how could they talk about "united action" before they had even found out whether there were allies of any consequence willing to unite with us? This indeed seems to have become the standard practice of Republican diplomacy: to block the attainment of its aims by prematurely and unilaterally disclosing them. The shapers of our foreign policy seem to think that a declaration of intention is synonymous with accomplishment. It is a singularly dangerous habit, particularly when accomplishment requires negotiation with other governments.

This thoughtless mismanagement of Allied sensitivities and interests has taken place under the Administration of a man whose major claim to office was his skill as a coalition leader. Never have our nation's security and its prestige in the world been so wantonly risked as by these tireless hunters of security risks. The Truman-Acheson foreign policy can be said to have succeeded in Europe and to have met reverses in Asia. The present situation in Indo-China, which threatens our whole system of alliances, was brought to a head by men who had long insisted that Indo-China was the key to Southeast Asia and more lately that Dienbienphu was the key to Indo-China.

Many of these men had earned the title Asia Firsters—but for them "Asia" was Formosa and South Korea.

THE PRESENT PLIGHT has its origins precisely in the Republican insurrection against Messrs. Truman and Acheson after the fall of China. It was then that seditious factionalism went on a rampage and began to wreck our foreign policy. For that part of the wrecking which took place during their tenure of office, Messrs. Truman and Acheson must bear their share of responsibility. It was at that time that pragmatic measures of diplomacy, such as relationships with antagonistic countries and their recognition, became subjects no American could discuss without having his loyalty questioned.

To win the election, both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles thought it expedient to seek the support of the most unabashed leaders of seditious factionalism. Yet Messrs. Eisenhower and Dulles had been the main proponents of a bipartisan and nonpartisan U.S. foreign policy which the China Lobbyists and security-risk hunters had marked for extinction. Hard as it is to remember now, there was a time—before the campaign—when Dwight Eisenhower was convinced that the conduct of our foreign policy should be left out of politics in a Presidential campaign. Because of this conviction he consented to run. There was also a time when John Foster Dulles was one of the ablest and most resourceful among the Republicans who worked with Dean Acheson.

Both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles knew that the foreign policy of the Democrats was essentially sound but had never been forcefully explained to the people, and that for its major achievements it had had to rely on the shock of Communist provocations—in Iran, Czechoslovakia, Korea. Yet both came to think that for a more vigorous continuation of the Democratic policy the electoral support of any and all Republican factions had to be sought. It is hard to conceive that either of them knew what lay in store.

They cannot help knowing now. It is no accident if now, when our nation is isolated and friendless, the quavering drawl, the hoarse rant of that demagogue fills the air and distracts the people's minds. The plight of our country in Asia and the world is the end product of the subversion carried on by demagogues pretending to avenge the defeat we suffered in Asia five years ago.

THIS IS WHY we cannot indulge in partisan recrimination, no matter how justified: This series of punitive expeditions for past mistakes has got to stop. The national emergency is too great; it demands national unity. As far as the Republican Party is concerned, its survival requires emergency surgery if the cancer is to be got out of its system, for there can be no unity between a living body and a cancerous growth. The Democrats, on the other hand, cannot rest quietly in the confidence that from all Republican troubles they stand to gain. Not just the Republican Administration or Party is in danger now, but the nation as a whole—that unity of power, ideals, and hope which is America.

The time has come for a Government of national coalition, under Republican leadership but with men of both parties and of no party. Never since our party system began have we had a Government of national coalition. But the nation has never been in such peril in the 178 years since it was founded.

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Texas: Land of Wealth and Fear

I. Blowing the Bass Tuba the Day It Rained Gold

THEODORE H. WHITE

ALL DAY the wind blows. It blows in easterly from the Gulf, or swings arid-hot, blowing from the west, or shifts, hollering down from the Great Plains to the north, dropping the temperature twenty degrees in an hour.

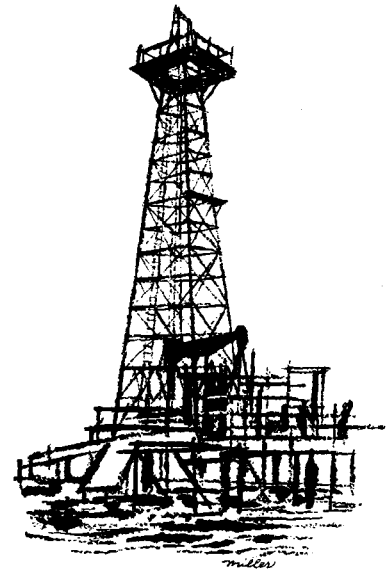
The wind carries dust. Dust in your throat, dust in a haze over the gray-rimmed horizon, dust twirled in fountains that sift and dance across the road. Even now in spring when the plains should be green, they remain gray—the hills yellow-gray, the rocks red-gray, the mesquite black-gray.

For five years now, since the drought began, this wind, scouring the soil from the face of Texas, has been uprooting and hurrying plainsmen toward the cities. But for twenty years before the drought, the plainsmen had been coming—by bus, by train, by old farm truck—sucked irresistibly in toward the cities by the new industry and new wealth of oil as more lately they have been pushed relentlessly out by the parched waste of the plain.

The villages that once drowsed in the sun about the placid center squares of courthouse and schoolhouse, Woolworth's and the J. C. Penney store, have become towns. The towns have become cities whose cubes and towers thrust abrupt and unannounced from the plains. Between, in any direction across the map, men thin out year by year. The empty fields are speckled by the silent pumps, whose rocking beams glide up and down, up and down, ceaselessly sucking oil from the depths and feeding the air with the faint, aromatic fumes of escaping gas.

Twenty-five years ago, three out of every five Texans lived on farms or in villages. Today Texas has eight million people, and only one out of four still live on farms or in villages—the rest are city people. The population of Texas has jumped two million since 1940, yet more than half its counties have lost citizens.

Most of the new city people are plainsmen or cotton farmers or ranchers from the Southwest. But many are distant arrivals from New York or California, Tennessee or Illinois. All have come here for the same reason: to seek their fortune. Many have found it. But whatever their luck has been, all are strangers,



rootless in place or time, in the nervous new civilization of the Texas cities.

WITHIN these new cities, bursting with energy and throbbing with the skills of modern industry, the ancient manners and morals of the American frontier still have superficial currency. From the old Southwest, the citizens have remembered (or conform to) the pattern of casual good manners, of easy courtesy in reply, the friendly "hello" in the street, the kindliness and helpfulness to wayfarers.

And yet, alone in the air-conditioned stillness behind the Venetian blinds, alone with their new wealth, these people know that the bonds that tied them to the frontier, that tied the frontiersmen to one another, are gone. Within, there broods uneasy doubt as to their own role and that of their fellow citizens. A sense of menace, of unease runs through their conversation as if the great wheel of fortune might turn and suddenly deprive them of the wealth they have so lately won. And the menace may be anywhere—in a neighbor's home, around the corner, on the other side of town at union headquarters, certainly in Washington and New York. In the heat of modern American problems, the prairie emotions tend to curdle—neighborliness becomes an excuse for the prowlings of slandering busybodies, and the sheriff's posse is corrupted into a lynching party for careers and reputations.

The Climate of Distrust

This emotional climate would be no more than a matter of morbid or humorous interest to other Americans as they watch a growing community fumble its way to maturity were it not for another set of facts:

¶ That millions of Texans are convinced that their primary enemies are other Americans and that the American experience in this age and generation has been a total failure, their own prosperity notwithstanding.

¶ That within Texas the machinery of government, from the person of the Governor down through the structure of both major parties, has been captured by a nameless Third Party, obsessed with hate, fear, and suspicion—one of whose central tenets is that "If America is ever destroyed it will be from within."

¶ That a handful of prodigiously wealthy men, whose new riches give them a clumsy and immeasurable power, seek to spread this climate

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and their control throughout the rest of the United States.

Ardent and devout states' righters at home, bellowing and snorting that the "sovereign" privileges of Texas must not be disturbed, these men see no contradiction in a Texas political imperialism that intervenes with its money in the domestic politics of thirty other "sovereign" states from Connecticut to Washington, from Wisconsin to New Mexico.

There is an element of cruel exaggeration in approaching the colorful diversity and complexity of Texan life through such men and the industry that made them rich—oil. There is much more in Texas than oil. Texas is not only first in oil (over $3 billion annual production); it is also first in sulphur, first in cotton, first in rice, first in roses, first in chemicals. The industrial crescent along the Gulf coast, where natural gas is delivered at tidewater, is the freshest frontier in American industry and one of free enterprise's proudest achievements.

But the exaggeration is thrust on any inquirer into Texas politics because the men who have made their money out of oil are so immeasurably wealthier than any others, because on the American scene their special privileges have become an anachronism, because with their riches they have tried to push the state of mind that is Texas across the nation. Furthermore, oil has captured the imagination of Texans in this generation the way cattle did a century ago, and all Texans, whether poor or rich, whether in oil or no way remotely connected with it, are caught up in the excitement, turbulence, and emotions of an industry that feels its privileges menaced.

Fort Worth

Houston

Spindletop to the Panhandle

The oil industry of the United States was half a century old, John D. Rockefeller had long since made his fortune, and Standard Oil was already a giant trust when a brilliant Montenegrin engineer named Captain Anthony F. Lucas, defying the most expert geological advice of his day, drove a 1,160-foot hole down through a sand hummock near the Gulf coast and, on the clear morning of January 10, 1901, saw rise a black, stinking fountain that spilled 25,000 to 100,000 barrels of oil each day over the surrounding countryside. Spindletop, which was the name of this discovery, was eventually to prove out at a hundred million barrels, or one-tenth as much as all the oil produced in America in the previous half century of the industry's existence.

With the eruption at Spindletop, the entire structure of the American oil industry was ripped apart. The resources that gushed from the fields of the Southwest were too vast even for the mighty power of the Standard trust to cap. Though Standard and its offshoots and rivals (Humble, Magnolia, Gulf, Sun) were to follow the oil down from the old fields of the Northeast to the Southwest, their control of pipelines, markets, refineries, and research never gave them more than a collective suzerainty over the new empire.

The real vigor and animal excitement of the industry was in the hands of a new breed of men, the "independents," the boomers, prospectors, wildcatters, producers, and would-be producers. Out across Texas, Oklahoma, and Louisiana raced the treasure seekers, drilling in

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swamps, in deserts, on ranches and farms. By chicanery and rascality, vision and daring and courage, they created the industry of the oilfields. They leased and drilled and stole and cheated and fell from icy drilling platforms in blizzards to die finding the new gold. Riggers and roughnecks, leasemen and scholars, horse traders and gamblers, engineers and adventurers chased one another and chased oil for half a century in an industry that is still today the easiest to enter, the easiest to get rich in, and the easiest to go broke in.

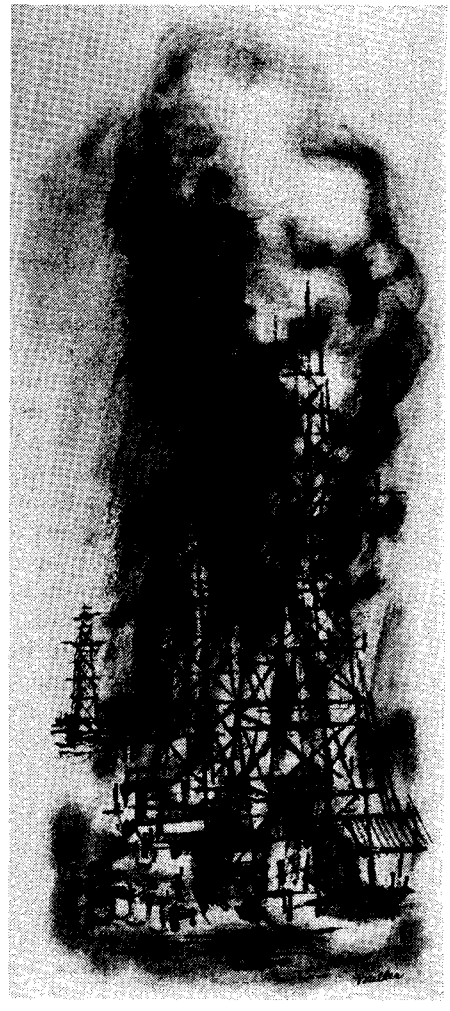
OIL SEEMED to lie everywhere in Texas, as it seems to lie everywhere on the great slope down from the Rockies to the Gulf. By the mid-1920's Texans had found oil from the Panhandle in the north to the border in the south, from the fringe of the Gulf to New Mexico in the West.

Those were the days when "depletion" was born. "Depletion" is a sensitive word, and when talking to an oilman you must approach the topic as cautiously as you would approach a discussion of his womenfolk's virtue.

Depletion is the root of Texas oil fortunes, a loophole in the income-tax laws of this country that gives oil millionaires magic exemption from tax burdens that all other citizens must bear.

Depletion, when written into the tax laws of America in the early 1920's, justifiably expressed the anarchy of the early oil business. In those days, once a pool was discovered, as many men as possible bought the right to drill in it. Like half a dozen children with their straws in one soda, each sucked oil as fast as possible to get the most while the getting was good. In their frantic and uncontrolled haste they wrecked the early fields, letting the wonderfully valuable natural gas fizz off into the air to be flared as a waste product while salt water crept in from underneath to ruin a well before a fraction of its predictable life had run.

In those days, when a well's life might end in four, ten, or eight months, farmers, ranchers, producers, everyone with oil rights argued that income from oil was not just ordinary earnings. It was, they said, the depletion of a natural resource, the wastage of accumulated natural capital which when gone was all gone, like savings spent. So the Federal tax laws gave oilmen a depletion allowance, which made 27.5 per cent of all income from oil free



and clear of any income tax, like money drawn from a bank. Later we shall see how depletion permits men to have incomes of millions of dollars without paying any tax at all.

The next climactic event in oil, an event that shook the industry almost as completely as Spindletop, took place a hundred and fifty miles to the north in the peanut and sweet-potato patches of Rusk County, near Turnertown. There in October, 1930, a broken-down old wildcatter named "Dad" Joiner had sunk his last few pennies in a ramshackle drilling rig which, at 3,600 feet, suddenly hit oil.

What "Dad" Joiner hit was the largest single oil pool ever to be discovered in these United States before or since—the great East Texas pool, which, with some five billion barrels, overmatched in lush, easy wealth the wildest dreams of fantasy.

The East Texas pool drenched the shrinking markets of America in depression, and they promptly collapsed. Prices dropped from forty to twenty to ten and in some places to five cents a barrel. Drowning in oil, crippled with abundance, Texas called out its National Guard and proclaimed martial law in the fields. Near riots broke out, men ran "hot oil" against regulation, shot and killed each other, while for two years the state sought to establish order with new laws.

F.D.R., Noninterventionist

Finally, one Sunday in April, 1933, in the Chinese Room of the Mayflower Hotel at Washington, all the representatives of the nation's oil industry gathered to memorialize Franklin D. Roosevelt, President for a month, asking him to appoint a czar to take over the entire oil industry and control it for its own preservation. Mr. Roosevelt, whose name is now a cuss word among oilmen who preach of states' rights and freedom from any control, refused—and insisted that Texas and other producing states work out their own controls. This Texas did, in some of the wisest conservation laws ever passed.

These laws ordained "proration," which simply established the right of the State of Texas, through its Railway Commission, to conserve the natural resources of the state. The commission now establishes the "allowable" amount of oil each individual may take daily from any well he drills, penalizes operators for wasteful practices, and makes the utilization of natural gas compulsory. In short, proration guarantees that oil and gas will be withdrawn from the ground only under conditions that guarantee maximum longevity and maximum yield for the field. The depletion percentage is still 27.5, which arbitrarily averages a well's life at less than four years; but oil wells may last ten years, twenty, thirty, or more under the new regulations.

With order established, the industry was mature. That is, it could be financed. Previously no bank would lend money against a field that might be depleted in months. Now, with reserves scientifically judged and allocated, oil underground was bank collateral. Banks could finance

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a hit, and one lucky hit meant that the underground collateral would finance ten or twenty more tries. It meant that fortunes could be pyramided quickly, which they were.

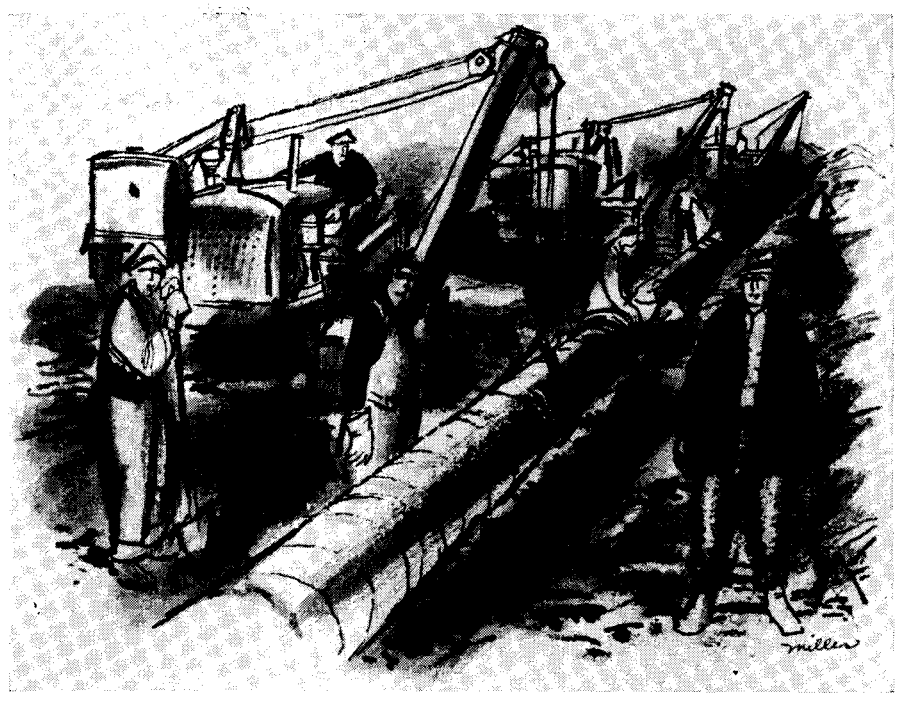
MEANWHILE, too, the price of oil was rising (a barrel of oil is now worth $2.56), scientific methods of discovery were bringing in ever more numerous fields, war boomed production, and income taxes for the wealthy climbed to the confiscatory levels that national defense made and still makes necessary.

These new taxes superimposed on their new wealth made Texas oilmen explore another area of special grace accorded them under the industry's peculiar tax laws, a benefit equal to or greater than depletion in importance. In the oil industry all new drilling expenses may be charged off against income as current expense. Let us suppose that an individual has an income of $5 million from oil. Depletion's 27.5 per cent gives him a cool $1,375,000 free and clear of any tax at all. This he may pocket. The remaining $3,625,000 is subject to tax. But why let it accumulate to be taxed away by the Federal government at eighty-five per cent? Why not, as the phrase runs, "go out and drill it up"?

To "drill it up" means you spend the $3,625,000 in vastly expanded drilling and exploration for more oil. If you lose, the money spent would have been taxed away anyhow. If you win and hit, you have discovered reserves of hundreds of thousands of barrels that are a capital asset, as good as money in the bank. If you sell such a discovery, it is taxed as a capital gain. No other industry can make such capital investments and write them off out of pocket.

There is a defense to be made of depletion, of course. For oil removed from the ground *is* "depleted" and gone, a natural asset reduced. Some allowance, even the Federal tax collectors argue, is necessary. The question is, how much? Shall depletion be permitted at 27.5 per cent only until the original investment in exploration and drilling is recovered and then be sharply reduced to, say, ten or twelve per cent? Or shall it be flatly reduced across the board to match the estimated life of the field?

Oilmen make another defense:



that depletion and other benefits are needed to keep risk money flowing, to keep men gambling to find the new oil we require. For all the recent stabilization of the oil industry, it still involves a vast element of risk. It is a game of chance in which chips—wells—cost from $30,000 to $1,000,000 each. Of every seven holes drilled, six on the average are "dusters." Tens of thousands of men have gone broke punching dry holes. Scores of thousands, from New York to California, have pooled their savings behind a wildcatter or driller for just one try at the rewards depletion promises and have lost everything. For every man who has made his millions, hundreds have vanished penniless. Even old "Dad" Joiner died broke, bargained out of his discovery by the sharpest operator of all, H. L. Hunt.

'The Day It Rained Gold'

All this is controversy. The facts are that with oil coming in all over the map of Texas, with tens of thousands seeking it, with pools of it to be found one out of seven times, it was mathematically predictable that a certain number of men, protected by depletion and capital gains, would become fantastically wealthy, and that depletion and capital gains in their present form would become their main articles of faith.

The thing to remember about most of the very richest is that twenty-five years ago they were flat. They were poor only yesterday, won their wealth during the hated New Deal's "twenty years of treason and shame," and now are the richest men in the world. They feel and insist that they won their wealth by their own exertions, which of course they did, in a rough fight in which courage as well as luck was vital. But as one Texas elder statesman puts it, "They were standing there blowing the bass tuba the day it rained gold."

Now, for reasons some of which are in their pocketbooks and some of which they could not rationally explain, they feel themselves acutely menaced. Over and over again, Northern Congressmen make mumbled noises about doing something to subject oilmen to the same tax burdens as less privileged citizens. Over and over again the Federal government proposes to regulate the natural-gas industry more strictly. Washington is, has been, and can be dangerous. And this has made most oilmen states' righters—which means, said a Midwestern businessman recently arrived in Texas, "They want the Federal budget balanced, but they don't want it to be balanced with their money."

Finally, the Texas tycoons of oil have missed the great maturing experience of American businessmen, which is the management of labor, of human beings en masse. The oilmen are "producers"—and in no

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other field of human endeavor can so much wealth be gotten with the employment of so few human beings. Theirs is a business of buying and trading in leases, hiring rigs and sinking holes with twenty-odd men,

selling crude to big companies by telephone. Once a well is in, it works almost untended feeding oil or gas from the ground to the pipelines. The American businessman or manufacturer, no matter how ferocious and bitter he may be about unions, has had as a matter of efficiency to learn to deal with human beings in mine, mill, factory, and department store as employees and as unions. This experience the Texas oilmen have skipped.

It is of course unfair to speak thus of a whole group of people. Texas oilmen are no more cut of one pattern than are the steelmen of the Ruhr. Among them one can find men of remarkable erudition and culture, such as Everette Lee De Golyer, greatest of living oil geologists and patron of the arts. One can find men like J. R. Parten, alternating between public service and the oil industry, whose loyalty to the America of this generation outweighs parochial loyalty to the industry that gave him wealth. One can find Texas millionaires who import snow from the Rockies for their parties and others who buy masterpieces of French painting.

The Export of Fear

But the community of oilmen as a whole is a community gripped by fear that Washington may erase its privileges. Along with them in this fear the oilmen have swept farmers, landowners, merchants, lawyers, all who have stakes or hope to place a bet on the roulette wheel of oil. They have persuaded their fellow citizens, as one public-relations campaign phrased it, that "If you're a Texan, you're in the oil business." Together they have muddied the image of their fears, so that the fear of Washington is blurred with fear of Communism, fear of war, fear of other Americans.

Not only that. Being vigorous, aggressive men who have won their fortunes by doing and acting, they feel the best defense is a good offense. Thus they have entered politics as they have entered oil, staking a bet on a Representative here or a Senator there. Most are little operators with thousand- and five-thousand-dollar chips, whose belief it is that the Congress of the United States may be manipulated or cozened as is a backward state legislature. Occasionally a number pool their cash to take out advertisements in political campaigns as far afield as Denver and San Francisco.

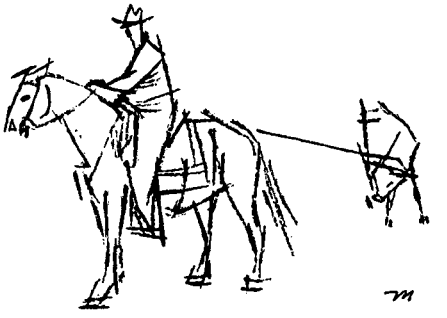
Among these political dabblers, however, are four whose wealth is so prodigious that their fumblings with national politics cannot be ignored. Country boys all, strangers in the big city, their efforts, sometimes naïve, sometimes shrewd, to remold America to their image are worth more than a casual glance.

Hugh Roy Cullen of Houston, at the age of seventy-two, is the dean of the group. A man whose education stopped at the third grade, Cullen was brought up on a farm in Denton County. His elevation to the eminence of local sage and sachem can be dated almost precisely from the day when his drillers, in 1934, brought in the Tom O'Connor Hill, whose half billion barrels of reserves Mr. Cullen now shares with the great Humble Oil Company.

A large, raw-boned, handsome old man, whose face glows with the ruddiness usually associated with the steady drinker, Cullen is an authentic primitive. Even in Houston, Cullen is a character, a figure both of affection and of friendly jest, of whom it is irreverently said that he has reversed the old Texas gag from "If you're so smart, why ain't you rich?" to "If he's so rich, why ain't he smart?"

The affection for Cullen in Houston is easy to understand, for his status as a benefactor is unmatched in local annals. He has spent money lavishly on hospitals, churches, orphanages, old people's homes, and schools. His most favored charity is the University of Houston, to which he has given oil properties he considers to be worth $160 million and which even other oilmen appraise at around $80 million. These gestures, gratifying as they are to the inner man, have also produced a steady stream of local headlines, intoxicating to ego and pride. They have further produced in the community of Houston a desire to pamper the testy, often tearful old man in his foibles just as far as can be done.

Thus the University of Houston boasts in its student officer corps a unit called the Cullen Rifles for which Cullen provides the uniforms. In the days when he was the largest contributor ($20,000 a year) to the Houston Symphony, the orchestra would play "Old Black Joe" to soothe its benefactor at otherwise austere concerts. Even when, at the university commencement exercises, Mr. Cullen became angry at the invocation of the preacher and pushed him bodily away from the microphone, no one protested very much. Cullen had found the preacher's invocation "doleful" and besides, "he was just a little fellow anyway." But when finally one night on the radio Mr. Cullen called Dean Acheson a



"homosexual," even the local stations had to cut him off.

Cullen became interested in politics during the late New Deal (which he loathes with incandescent fury) and war years, while Jesse Jones, grand master of the local political

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scene, was in Washington feuding with the Messrs. Wallace and Roosevelt. Since the return of Jesse Jones to Houston after the war, Mr. Cullen has gone into a slight eclipse as a local oracle—an eclipse probably hastened by his famous published protest that "Jones has been away from here for the last twenty-five to thirty years and has come back to Houston and decided, with the influence of a bunch of New York Jews, to run our city."

'Ike . . . Attend to This . . .'

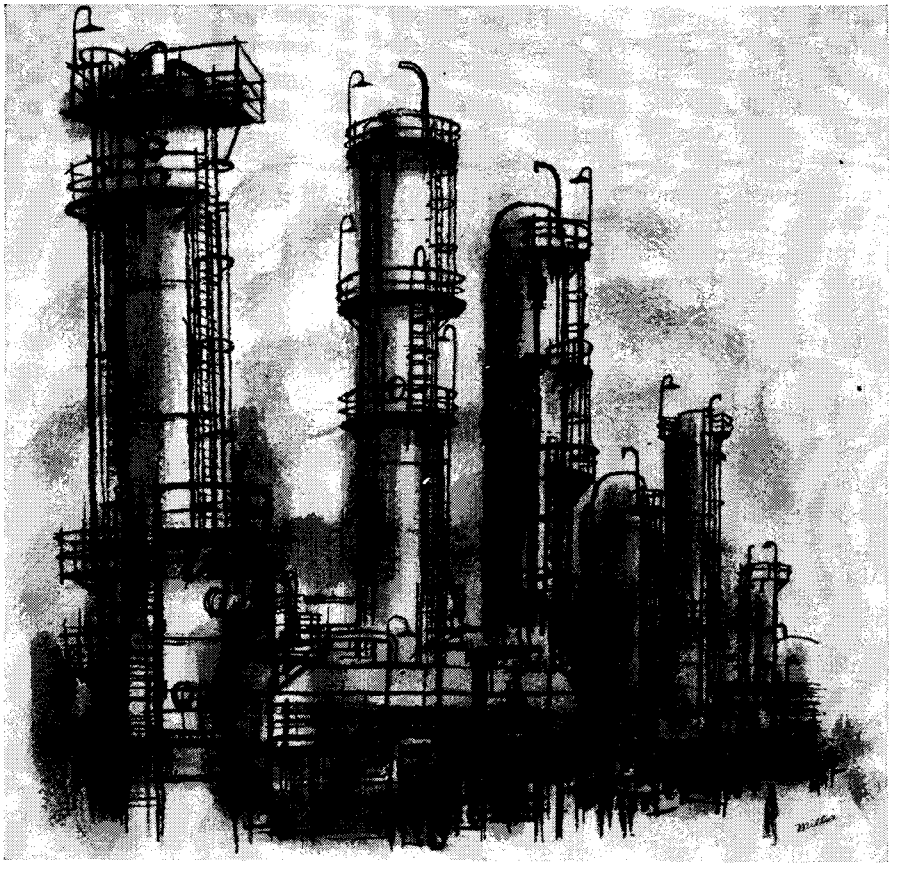
In national politics, however, Mr. Cullen's interest has been unflagging, and he takes a constant, meticulous interest in affairs of state. He showers President Eisenhower, Senators, and Congressmen with telegrams and letters whenever the mood seizes him.

"You know," he explained in January of this year, "I groomed Ike for the Presidency. He's a swell fellow. But he's got some damned people around him who are inexperienced." In March he elaborated: "In my opinion, Eisenhower, the Republican Party, and the country itself would be a lot better off if the President listened more attentively to Joe Martin and Joe McCarthy than he does to Dewey, Lodge, and Stassen."

Harold Stassen, Director of the Foreign Operations Administration, has particularly aroused Cullen's ire, not only for his politics but as an ingrate. "You take this Stassen," Cullen said recently. "He's a likable cuss. I furnished him some money to run for the nomination so he could then give the votes to Ike. He almost didn't. I said, 'Harold, you won't do. Mentally, you're a conservative, but at heart you're a socialist.'"

Most lately, since the President has opposed the Bricker amendment, an increasing exasperation has been creeping into Cullen's telegrams. One recent communication to the White House ended, "Ike, I hope you will not wait but attend to this important matter immediately."

If it is quite clear down in Houston that Cullen is giving the President one more chance to be good in these last few months, it is equally clear in which direction his allegiance has shifted. Cullen, when he sponsors a man, does it up well and usually starts by arranging a



triumphal introductory tour through Texas for his choice. Senator Taft was so honored by Mr. Cullen in his heyday, as were Generals MacArthur and Eisenhower. Cullen's favor has most recently settled on Senator Joe McCarthy, whom he styled "the greatest man in America" a few weeks ago when he personally sponsored the Senator's visit to deliver the commemorative address on San Jacinto Day.

Coming from another man, such mouthings might appear to be an advanced case of senile dementia. In Mr. Cullen's case they are not. They are immodest and perhaps untruthfully boastful, but they are buttressed with a purse and with action that make him, even in his fumbling, untutored crudity, one of the nation's most ambitious investors in political futures.

RESENTING as he does the slightest trace of Northern money or influence in sovereign Texas, in 1952 Cullen persuaded his conscience to put money down in no less than twenty-three other states beyond his native soil. His contributions went to campaigns in Wisconsin (McCarthy), Indiana (Jenner), Idaho, Maine, Connecticut, New Mexico, Washington, Nevada, Utah, Missouri, Montana, California (where he financed five candidacies, including that of Representative Ernest Bramblett, since convicted of kickbacks and extortion), Virginia, Illinois, Maryland, New York, Ohio, New Hampshire, North Dakota, and New Jersey. His sons-in-law went into Wyoming, Michigan, and Arizona. His political gambles were even better than wildcat drilling. In some thirty-four campaigns where Cullen money was staked, twenty-two of his choices were winners, and only a dozen were losers.

In 1952 Cullen recorded direct contributions of $53,000 and his sons-in-law $19,750 more. Since it is axiomatic in American politics that recorded contributions are like the tip of the iceberg, revealing only the smallest fraction of what is spent in elections, it may be assumed that Cullen has tried to influence many others. His contributions to Harold Stassen have been noted. He has been credited with a share in the defeat of former Senators Scott Lucas of Illinois, Frank Graham of North Carolina, and Claude Pepper of Florida. In Houston one informed

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estimate of his total political expenditures during 1951 and 1952 comes to $750,000.

Mr. Cullen is essentially a simple man fortified with the perhaps naïve belief that with enough money he can engineer passage of the Bricker amendment, make Presidents, and control Congressmen. It is doubtful whether he has any theology or ideology about how he would change and remake the United States. The only thing that seems certain is that he wants it changed.

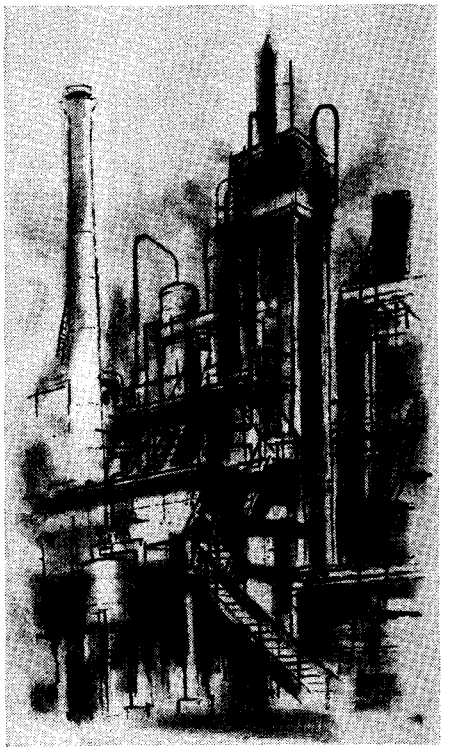
Just Two Country Boys

The next two in the grand quadrumvirate of Texas oilmen are Sid Richardson of Fort Worth and Clint Murchison of Dallas. Richardson and Murchison are different, in essence, from Cullen in that while Cullen is intoxicated with politics, Richardson and Murchison can take it or leave it alone. Close friends ever since their boyhood in the little cotton town of Athens, Texas, both still assume the air of homespun country boys. "Sid and Clint," said one Dallasite, "are both nice guys. They have only the simplest, most innocent desire in the world—to make money. All they want is more."

In this pursuit of "more," Sid has outstripped his chum Clint by several leagues, as he has outstripped, probably, every other living individual in the United States. There is an almost monastic purity in Richardson's single-minded devotion to the pursuit of wealth. A country trader who graduated from trading in bits and pieces of land, he entered the oil industry almost inevitably as a "leaseman," a specialist in the brokerage and huckstering of oil leases.

Today Dallas is full of men who claim to remember when Sid Richardson wore patches on his pants or had to borrow bus fare to get from Fort Worth to Dallas. The turning point of his career seems to have been reached in the cold December of 1933, when, wildcatting out in Winkler County in West Texas, his fortunes reached so low a point that local grocers refused him credit to buy food for his drillers and Sid had to go all the way to Fort Worth and truck borrowed groceries to his men for Christmas.

Sid hit modestly on that one, but the big money did not flow until he hit the Keystone sands in 1937. From then on Sid rolled. By the time he first met Dwight D. Eisenhower (who had just been made a brigadier general) on a train from Texas to Washington, Sid's income was over $2 million a year or, in terms of oil, eight thousand barrels of "allowable" a day. The find that projected him into the stratosphere of wealth did not come until 1943, when on a tract of leaseholdings he had purchased for $332,000 the famous Ellenberger lime was discovered. The reserves there were estimated at 250 million barrels. And, as if fortune



were not yet tired, when Sid moved his operations on to Louisiana in the postwar years he made another monster strike at Cox Bay (estimated at 250 million barrels) which makes him far and away the richest American, with the possible exception of his Dallas neighbor H. L. Hunt, who may be his only rival in the billion-dollar bracket.

Nothing seems to have interfered with Richardson in his quest for treasure. He is unmarried and has no children. He lives alone in an apartment in the Fort Worth Club, with a collection of Remington and Russell paintings. Philanthropy holds little, if any, interest for him. Once during a trip across the country after the Keystone discovery had already made Richardson rich, a traveling companion asked him, "Sid, why don't you give Dallas a children's hospital? Dallas hasn't got a children's hospital." Said Sid: "Now if I do that, why, everyone in the world will come around asking me for money and I just don't want to be bothered." Sid's friends accept this attitude, for the man has no pretense. "Why, Sid has no more civic responsibility than a coyote," one of them said, "but he's a nice guy."

No particular connection can be made between Richardson and any of the grosser forms of political manipulation. Texas Democrats of both the Shivercrat and the Loyalist persuasions consider Richardson still a Democrat; his friendship with Sam Rayburn is warm and enduring; along with a small minority of the Texas rich he has shown no enthusiasm for Joe McCarthy. Politics, for him, seems to be simply the pleasures of association with the great and the respect the stark and massive dimensions of his wealth can earn from them in return. His association with Elliott Roosevelt in a Texas radio station was good for several meals at the White House before Sid took over the property when Elliott went off to war. His early meeting with Eisenhower has flowered into a fine friendship. When Sid flew off to Paris, to visit Eisenhower at SHAPE, the trip had none of the flavor of a self-appointed political mission, but was rather a call on the general by an old friend who advised him to run for the Presidency as a Democrat. Sid has since been a guest at the White House (perhaps a return invitation for the vacation he gave the Eisenhowers in 1949 on his private island off the Gulf coast), and his loyalty to Eisenhower remains undiminished. Content with his friends, an occasional drink, and an evening of canasta or poker, Sid Richardson behaves like a thoroughly happy man.

Clint

Clint Murchison is by all odds a far more complex human being than his crony Sid. A stocky, rumpled man with an open and seemingly friendly expression, Murchison is described by some Dallas businessmen as a genius. "Like all geniuses and near geniuses," one of them has said, "Clint is a successful neurotic. Ex-

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cept where some geniuses paint paintings and make music, Clint makes deals."

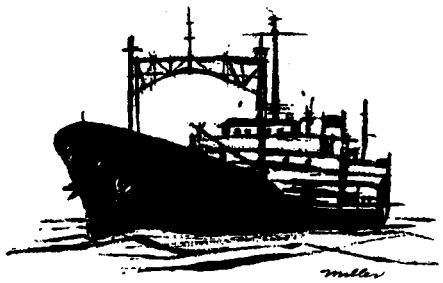
The base and core of the Murchison wealth is oil. Murchison's interest in oil began in the early 1920's, when, lured into it by his boyhood friend Sid Richardson, he began to play around with leasing, drilling, and wildcatting. Like H. L. Hunt, Murchison achieved his present stature in the East Texas oil pool, where he seems to have been a front-rank performer in running and dealing in "hot oil" in the days when proration was being established under National Guard bayonets. Murchison went on to found the Delhi Oil Company, to pioneer some of the first big natural-gas developments in north Texas, and was far, far above the field when the classical forms of oil accumulation began to pall on him and he lifted his eyes beyond the confines of the state.

UNTIL HIS recent sortie into Wall Street's Battle of the New York Central, Murchison's business ambitions seemed to be satisfied with biting off a series of small-sized $2- to $20-million properties. The cadence and diversity of these acquisitions is reflected only in part by the headlines in the business section of the local paper: DALLAS MAN OPENS BROWNSVILLE BANK, MURCHISON BUYS VAULT FIRM, MURCHISON BUYS CONTROL OF CARGO LINE, DALLASITE PARTICIPATES IN VENEZUELA PURCHASE, HEDDEN BAIT FIRM BOUGHT BY DALLASITE, MURCHISON BUYS MAGAZINE, LOCAL OILMAN WINS PLACE IN CANADIAN LINE, TEXAS OWNED CALIFORNIA HOTEL TO OPEN FOR BUSINESS, TWO TEXANS BUY BIG NEW YORK CENTRAL BLOCK.

The records of Murchison's eleemosynary activities provide a rather odd counterpoint to this drumfire of headlines. The Murchison enterprises in philanthropy best known to the public are the erection of seven prefabricated huts to house students at North Texas State College; two "opportunity awards" to be given annually for five years to students at Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College; a gift of 197 stuffed birds (coastal Texas specimens) to Southern Methodist University; and, finally, prizes totaling fifty dollars in a contest for left-handed fiddlers. The latter were carefully stipulated as twenty-five dollars for first prize, fifteen for second, and ten for third—win, place and show.

The headlines have omitted mention of enterprises Murchison has dabbled in and then withdrawn from, or which he has dabbled in and controlled without publicity. They have not mentioned his abortive effort to buy a chain of a hundred Texas newspapers during the Second World War, his control of Henry Holt & Co., New York publishers. They have also ignored what is common knowledge in Dallas: that "Old Clint" is an "equity man," his finances entangled in a bookkeeper's mare's nest of bank credit and stock deals. Sometimes believed by Northerners to be the wealthiest of all Texans, Murchison is considered in Dallas the most vulnerable of the really "big rich." To keep his status Clint must keep going—in business as well as in politics.

In extenuation of the fact that Murchison, like Cullen and Hunt, has been publicly associated with Senator McCarthy for the past four years, his friends plead the simplest of excuses: that it's necessary for business. They say that if he put money in the New Mexico gubernatorial race it was because he had utilities there; that when he tried to get pipeline transmission rights to bring Canadian natural gas down to the United States, he made a strenuous effort to contact the Duke of Windsor, believing that the Duke had valuable Canadian contacts. If Murchison supports McCarthy, they



say, it's simply because he's looking for winners in Washington.

All in all, Clint told a reporter recently, he has put something less than $40,000 into McCarthy, including expenses for the private airplane Murchison has several times provided to fly the Senator into and around Texas. Murchison's first contact with McCarthy occurred in 1950, when a relayed request from the Senator found Clint ready to put up $10,000 in the famous campaign that licked Senator Millard H. Tydings of Maryland with faked photos of Tydings and Earl Browder in a chummy attitude. In 1952, Clint put up money to help McCarthy defeat William Benton in Connecticut, and for McCarthy's broadcast attack on Stevenson from Chicago.

Murchison's friends insist that he does all this without any particular passion or malice. And, despite Murchison's hospitality to McCarthy during the San Jacinto Day visit, they say the relationship is cooling. As evidence, they point out that Murchison took the Senator sternly to task last October for not defending Air Force Lieutenant Milo J. Radulovitch when the latter was accused of disloyalty because of his family's leftist tendencies. They stress that Murchison is no fanatic, no monomaniac, no ideologue; the same year that Clint put up $10,000 to help McCarthy lick Benton, he donated $1,000 to the Democratic National Congressional Committee. If Senator McCarthy starts to slip, they predict that Murchison will discard him. He will turn out to have been a political dry hole.

SEVERAL ATTRIBUTES beside the immeasurable extent of their wealth bracket these three country boys who have made good. All three have earned a certain reservoir of affection from their fellow citizens, whether through their generosity, as in Cullen's case, or their homespun charm, as in the case of Murchison and Richardson. Their political ventures have in common an old-fashioned directness, typified by the belief that influence can be achieved simply by money and key contacts.

The fourth man in the quadrumvirate, Haroldson L. Hunt of Dallas, is set apart from the others, first by the quality of foreboding and distaste that his name arouses even in the very rich, and second by the fact that he has learned that nowadays massive wealth, to defend itself, its prerogatives, and its principles, must have at its disposal massive means of communication.

(This is the first of two installments of Mr. White's article on Texas.)

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Saarlanders, The First 'Europeans'?

RICHARD YAHRAES

BAD GODESBERG

BUREAUCRATS of the German Federal government at Bonn were agitated. Through open hall doors telephones could be heard jangling up and down the corridors. "Surely it requires a political decision," a young man said earnestly. "Will police be there? . . . Positively no demonstrations . . ."

For thirty-six hours the excitement mounted. Finally an aide respectfully outlined the problem to President Theodor Heuss.

That coming Sunday, teams of a dozen European nations would meet for soccer playoffs at Cologne stadium. The terrible question: Should the delegation from the contested Saarland, now under French tutelage, be permitted to hoist its flag in Germany, which claims the borderland too?

The white-haired professor looked thoughtful. "Hmmm, the Saar flag," he said. "Never seen it. What does it look like?"

"Herr Präsident, it is a white cross against the French tricolor."

THIS WAS NOT, of course, the only or the most serious crisis that has arisen in recent years over the Saarland, the Rhode Island-shaped wedge which used to split France and Germany but now promises—if all goes well—to unite them in an unprecedented compromise.

Compromise over the Saar would be an important enough event in itself. But if it really comes (as Konrad Adenauer and Georges Bidault have promised), it will remove what the Federal German Chancellor and the French Foreign Minister have called a last obstacle on the road to some form of European community.

There is a curious irony here. Europe's plodding unifiers consider nationalism their implacable foe. But the Saar is one international state that nationalisms have built.

For emotional as well as practical reasons, neither Bonn nor Paris can yield completely to the other over this symbolic 991 square miles of borderland. The dividing chasm runs deep: France wants the Saarland separated from Germany once and for all, with a promise that West Germany will confirm the deal in the eventual peace treaty. The most the Germans feel able to grant is a "provisional" yielding of the borderland, a position the French fear the

Germans might reverse in time of greater strength.

Both sides realize, however, that world opinion grows weary of Franco-German tensions, and on the eve of Geneva both publicly reaffirmed their determination to Europeanize the Saar.

Of course, the Germans are well aware that the French have always been careful to glamorize their national ascendancy in the Saar with the label "Europeanization." But now it appears that the Germans might consider withdrawing their own national claims on the borderland—provided that "Europeanization" benefits Germany as well as France.

The settlement that seems likely is a practical one rather than an ideal one, but any settlement at all would be something of a miracle.

'Give Me Ten Years . . .'

Every day in the life of a Saarlander has become a kind of international *Anschluss.* The political tug of war is dramatized everywhere. The show windows of downtown Saarbrücken feature scarves of Indo-Chinese silk, foil-wrapped bottles of French champagne, rosewood boxes of miniature French chocolates. On the other hand, the restaurants offer a bill of fare heavy with *Wiener Schnitzel* and *Bratkartoffeln.*

But the idea of being neither French nor German but European also has deep roots in the Saar. After the First World War, when the borderland was separated from Germany at French insistence, it prospered for fifteen years under League of Nations rule. Through those balmy days between wars it shipped coal to France, processed steel from Lorraine, and kept its loyalties to itself. The French hoped during the 1920's that the territory might count its economic blessings and vote to remain internationalized. But they ran up against centuries of predominantly Germanic tradition and, especially after 1933, the thundering of Adolf Hitler. In the 1935 plebiscite more than ninety per cent of the Saarlanders voted to go "home to the Reich."

Hitler's promise of big things ahead—"Give me ten years and you will not recognize your homeland"—came true on schedule in the Saar. In 1945 American troops advanced over terrain whose towns were seventy-five per cent destroyed, whose collieries were shattered, whose population was dazed and twenty-five per cent homeless.

At a time when the official food ration available for the rest of the defeated Germans was less than eighteen hundred calories a day, the border populace found itself not at all averse to accepting a special status. The Americans relinquished authority in the Saarland to the French, and the French rewarded Sarrois "co-operation" with one special favor after another: gradual re-

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moval of occupation troops, industry saved from dismantling, by 1947 a constitution (French-inspired), and in 1950 conventions abolishing the more obvious signs of French control.

THE MAN who has spoken for France in the Saar during this past decade, and tried his best to make the Sarrois like it, is himself from a borderland family that used German interchangeably with French. Gilbert Grandval, who lives in a villa on a wooded hill overlooking dingy Saarbrücken, has been successively since 1945 the territory's Military Governor, High Commissioner, and first Ambassador from France. Nor are these delicate changes in title unappreciated by the people in the valley: The Military Governor ruled, the High Commissioner might influence the preamble to the constitution, but the Ambassador does no more than pull a string or two behind the scenes.

Under Grandval's benign and declining authority, the borderlanders have moved toward semi-autonomy on three separate levels: a new customs union with France, old family ties with Germany, and the prospect of a future under Europe.

Wedding of Coal and Iron

On the wall behind Ambassador Grandval's desk in the French Embassy at Saarbrücken is an oil painting of the Saar at work: coal barges and cranes against a background of Bessemer converters. It is on this marriage of coal and iron that the French justify a whole area of foreign policy—their paternalism in the Saar, their caution toward Germany, and their caginess about European union.

As one corollary of this policy, the French have mated Saar coal with Lorraine iron, a few miles away. The Germans can hardly challenge the union, for their own Bismarck used the same economic text to merge the two territories after the war of 1870. The geographic *Anschluss* is so close that one coal mine has its entrance shaft in French Lorraine and sinks its veins deep into the Saar. The Saarlanders fabricate Lorraine iron, and in season Lorraine's fresh vegetables deck their dinner tables. France's political preoccupation with Europe's distribution of heavy industry is understandable to all who visit the Ambassador and ponder his painting of the merger in the Saar.

But foreign visitors to the Saar sometimes are irreverent enough to ask if the Schuman Plan wasn't supposed to eliminate such economic worries. With a common European

market, why does it matter who controls the borderland?

M. Grandval smiles and replies: "It matters—just as it matters in a parliament which party has the most members." Then he produces a chart —a chart that French officials from Bonn to Washington are wont to pull from their desks when discussing the Saar problem. It shows in cold statistics how much the Saar can swing the balance of power in the infant Coal and Steel Community:

France with the Saar produces thirty-three per cent of the steel and thirty per cent of the coal of the six Schuman Plan countries, compared with Germany's thirty-nine per cent and fifty per cent. But Germany with the Saar would reduce France's quota to twenty-six per cent of the steel and twenty-three per cent of the coal, against forty-six per cent and fifty-seven per cent for Germany.

SUCH FIGURES on national economic rivalries tend to leave visiting American Congressmen unimpressed. Wishfully they seek analogies for Europe in the peaceable "customs union" of our forty-eight states. More than one U.S. observer of the Franco-German-Saar dilemma has asked his European hosts: "Couldn't you let free competition in a common market work out its own levels?"

The question applies not only to the Saar but to the whole Little Europe of the Schuman Plan. A French official who helps frame his country's German policy supplies this answer:

"You Americans think from the romantic premise of a Europe already united. We have to plan on a realistic basis of Europe still divided. We are divided by our differing standards of living, our differing taxes and social burdens, especially by our different nationalisms.

"You mentioned the Saar. Sometimes we French are accused of trying to annex it. No, we are not. But we want to make sure that Germany does not get it, either.

"Why? Because we are already taking a risk, going into a partnership with Germany, and we dare not make the risk too big. The Saar economy, remember, has helped to power two of Germany's wars. For a while, we want that economy to continue to move inside our French orbit. It need not move there indefinitely—only until Europe is genuinely a community."

The German View

If the French have reservations about European unity, so does the Saarland's leading politician of the pro-German wing—a politician who campaigns without a party.

Heinrich Schneider's Democratic Saar Party was banned before the last Saarland elections. Schneider may not call a meeting in the Saar, but he is permitted to move freely about the territory and "explain" French tactics to whoever will listen.

"The French are no fools," Schneider has observed. "Paris tells Bonn suavely, Please confirm our economic grip on a separated Saar first, and we will agree to European unity second.

"How do we Saarlanders for Germany feel about this? We reply, yes, we would sacrifice our nationality for the sake of Europe—*if there is to be a Europe.*

"I tell you my opinion frankly—Europe is going to remain a collection of states. Privately many Frenchmen agree with me. In this case the Saar should go back where it belongs, to Germany."

THE FOREMOST internationalist across the border in Germany, Chancellor Adenauer, has no desire to let the Saar or Herr Schneider get in the way of his favorite project, French-German rapprochement un-

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der the green-and-white flag of Europe. Still Adenauer the practical politician is hard beset in Bonn. Forces to his left and to his right agree on hardly anything except that the Chancellor must not give away a single coal-packed mile of the German fatherland.

PERHAPS the best clue as to the possibilities of early agreement comes from a German named Jakob Kaiser who has always been skeptical of borderland compromises. He heads Bonn's energetic Ministry of All-German Affairs. Saarlanders credit this member of Adenauer's Cabinet with a wide assortment of pro-German agitation in the borderland, including distribution of an excitable underground newspaper. Recently Kaiser was pondering the aftermath of the four-power conference in Berlin. "Yes, we can expect a closer drawing together of the West," he said—and then he abruptly broke into tears. Reaching for a handkerchief, he explained: "Excuse me, but I am thinking of what is about to happen within this western unity to our beloved Saarland." If the sincere German nationalist Jakob Kaiser weeps over the fate of "our beloved Saarland," it is because he concedes at least the next round to the sincere German internationalist Konrad Adenauer.

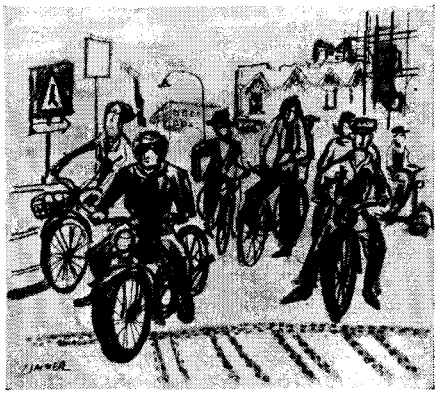
Agreement on the Saar between Bonn and Paris, if presently signed and sealed, will be on French terms—with, of course, German and European modifications. And that is because most Germans in their present state of mind want new privileges as equal partners in a European community more than they want a wedge of borderland. Moreover, other western Europeans are being heard from, for a Franco-German quarrel is at once the neighbors' business. Many of the neighbors think well of a proposal worked out for the Saarland by a Hollander who was commissioned for the job by the Council of Europe:

Let the Schuman Plan countries, plus the United States and the United Kingdom, underwrite an internationalized Saar, and go on with continental unity from there. This is the gist of the recommendation of Marinus van der Goes van Naters. The "Naters Plan" surveys ancient rivalries along the Rhine frontier and concludes that in 1954 a disputed borderland properly belongs to all of Europe.

The First 'Europeans'

Whether by something like the Naters Plan or by direct Bonn-Paris agreement, the likelihood is that the Saar will remain for a while in the French economic orbit. Gradually it will open up its frontiers to limited trade with other countries—as and if Europe moves step by step closer to the common market in commodities and services that has begun with coal and steel. Meanwhile the Saar will enjoy local self-government—which its French sponsors, as a significant concession to the new thinking in Europe, have long since granted anyway. The Germans are pleading for a "genuine" (that is, not French-controlled) international status for the little territory, and so its foreign relations very possibly will be transferred from Paris to some such Europe-oriented group as the Council of Foreign Ministers.

IF MOST of this comes to pass, the Saarlanders will become the continent's first "Europeans." In the transaction, the Germans consider that they are paying a price, the Saar, for France's co-operation in European partnership. After a Saar settlement Bonn will expect Paris to deliver the long-awaited papers of



partnership. Germany's record until 1945, added to France's many problems in Africa and Indo-China, has earned special consideration for Paris (the Germans concede the point) in every capital from Bonn to Washington. But off the record and once in a while publicly even internationally minded Germans are suggesting that there must be some limits. Continued delay—a failure of the French National Assembly, for example, to ratify the European Defense Community even after the break-up of the Geneva Conference—is sure to furnish fresh talking points for Saarlanders like Heinrich Schneider who doubt that there is to be a Europe, and for Germans like Jakob Kaiser who weep for lost lands.

The Education of JoHo

"The Saar is German to the bone," Johannes Hoffmann told fellow Saarlanders in 1933. Today Johannes Hoffmann is the Saar's highest local official, and what he tells fellow Saarlanders now reflects the changing attitudes of two decades in the Saar and western Europe.

By 1933 most Saarlanders, like many Europeans, had become bored with the League of Nations. Sometimes the League's earnest little network of committees did something worthwhile: For example, they gave the Saar an honest and efficient government. But Europe of the 1930's was less fascinated by modest international experiments than by colorful claims of revived nationalisms.

Johannes Hoffmann saw the danger and soon modified his statement about being German to the bone. "The Saar is for Germany with Christ," he declared in 1934, "not for Germany with Hitler." Next year when the Saarlanders nevertheless chose Hitler, Hoffmann chose exile. He is back now as the borderland's Minister President, a European and a man of compromises.

Johannes Hoffmann, whom Saarlanders call "JoHo" for short, spends his Saturday evenings in a hotel restaurant having beers and playing skat with other elders of Saarbrücken. Portly, white-mustached JoHo looks and possibly may still feel German to the bone. But he speaks with warmth when he says that nationalism is no longer the answer either for the Saar or for Europe.

HAS THE THINKING of other Saarlanders evolved along with their President's? As proof that it has, Hoffmann recites the results of a vote taken in 1952. Since pro-German parties had been banned from

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the campaign, publicists in Germany called on the Saarlanders to invalidate their ballots. Only one in four did so.

Except for this ban on German-minded parties, civil liberties seem undisturbed in the Saar territory. Currents of the two opposing nationalisms blend with scarcely a ripple. Both languages are used by lecturers at the territory's new university. The Saarland of 1954, in fact, is a kind of microcosm that mingles in miniature the national fears and international hopes of the capitals of western Europe.

Heinrich Schneider, the pro-German, has finished rebuilding his house, which was bombed out during the last war. The Saar—like Schneider's house—stands directly between two nationalisms which have cloven the continent since shortly after Charlemagne. Yet Schneider is still dedicated to his "realistic" proposition: "You will see . . . there is not going to be a Europe."

Johannes Hoffmann came back from Brazil to tell the orderly folk of his borderland that there *must* be a Europe.

There are also the housewives of Neunkirchen, Ottweiler, Dilligen, and the other interior towns. Probably they are no more and no less politically minded than housewives elsewhere in Europe, but they experience the new status of the borderland whenever they shop for canned goods under unfamiliar labels printed in Paris and Lyon.

There are the foreign and Sarrois students at the school of higher learning in a former barracks near Saarbrücken. The régime proudly calls it "the first European university" and points out that for thirty dollars a month even a workingman can send his children there. But a coal-blackened miner is not enthusiastic: "There's a hitch. They teach some of the subjects in French. See the point? My kids would have to know two languages. . . ."

But there is always some kind of hitch, and the real news along Europe's borders is the tolerance with which men who cannot have their own way are considering someone else's way. A European-minded Hollander suggests that the Saar be taken from its "fatherland" and given to Europe—and the Chancellor of the country from whom he would take it cordially invites the Hollander to lunch.

THE WAITER in a Saarbrücken hotel finally abandoned his stiff English and fell eagerly into his native German to make a prediction: "You probably want to know which way we Saarlanders are going. Well, I can tell you. If they told us to vote tomorrow and gave us a choice of two countries to belong to, we would choose Germany. If they gave us three choices, we would choose Europe."

The Daughters of the American R-------n

DOROTHY KAHN

WASHINGTON

THE Daughters of the American Revolution held their sixty-third annual convention here last month in the heady atmosphere of power. Even before the delegates arrived in Washington, they had won a minor skirmish with the Air Force, which agreed, upon receipt of the organization's protest, to restore the initials "U.S." to airmen's insignia.

The convention began with a flattering opening-night address by Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, and there were visits on succeeding evenings from half a dozen of his colleagues: Bricker, Malone, Upton, Dworshak, Hickenlooper, and Eastland.

They were personally addressed for the first time in sixteen years by a President of the United States. President Eisenhower, too, expressed admiration for the society. In contrast, most delegates remembered that President Roosevelt had once outraged sensibilities by greeting them as "Fellow Immigrants," and President Truman had made a national joke of their desire to count the gold at Fort Knox. "We've come into our own at last," commented a satisfied delegate. "People used to laugh at us. Now they know we were right, and they can't praise us enough. They know the D.A.R. is a power."

With a minimum of floor discussion, the delegates went overwhelmingly on record in support of a Constitutional amendment limiting the President's treaty-making powers and in support of Attorney General Brownell's request for wiretapping privileges. They opposed admission of Red China to the U.N., Federal aid to education, socialized medicine, and world government; favored the FBI, investigating committees of Congress, and development of U.S. claims to Antarctica. They noted "the resistance of the American people to increased immigration over and beyond our quotas," and recommended stiffening the Refugee Relief Act (under which eight people have so far been admitted) to require signed assurances that no immigrant will "displace a citizen" from his job or house.

Orchids and Fulton Lewis, Jr.

It was a busy week. The convention began the day after Easter in the D.A.R.'s Constitution Hall, "the first, largest, and most beautiful headquarters ever built by women for women." More than three thousand members crowded the corridors, swarmed around the concession booths, or rested on couches considerately placed in the halls. The hardest workers were the pages in white dresses, who showed delegates to their seats, acted as couriers of messages, and delivered flowers. The floral booths did a thriving business in orchids: white ones for $12.50 and purple for $5 and $7.50. A leading local florist kept his truck parked outside the hall throughout convention week.

The biggest evening session was National Defense Night, chaired by Mrs. James B. Patton, former President-General and now in charge of

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the National Defense Committee. Mrs. Patton outlined the highlights of the year—the fact that Senator Edward Martin's flag bill had now been signed by the President, thus vindicating the Daughters' position against a high-flying NATO banner in Norfolk, Virginia; the continuing urgency of the Bricker amendment; awards of merit given by the organization to 274 patriotic adults; and awards of merit received by the organization from other patriotic groups. She asked the Daughters if they knew that the telephone number of the nearest FBI agent is listed on the first page of all telephone directories, and warned them that Communist propaganda still makes an appeal to "religious minorities" and "the so-called working class."

Mrs. Patton was succeeded by Fulton Lewis, Jr., who felt it unnecessary to go into specific problems—"the New Look, Indo-China, and the like"—and General J. Lawton Collins, who dealt entirely in specifics. "Arms and battleships are not all to national defense by any means," Mr. Lewis told the delegates, and then implied that they might profitably devote themselves to a study of "the trained seals in the radio and press galleries who . . . pave the way for Communists." General Collins, who looked somewhat surprised to be on the speakers' platform, outlined the achievements of NATO and discussed the problem of Indo-China. He told the delegates that no nation can live alone, mentioning in passing that the United States was dependent on the rest of the world for raw materials. The delegates apparently preferred the viewpoint of Senator George Malone of Nevada. "There must be a better reason for intervention in Indo-China," he said, "than the need for chrome." (Nevada ranks mining as its second largest industry—after gambling.)

ON ONE DAY the Daughters were greeted in succession by J. Edgar Hoover, Lowell Thomas, and President Eisenhower. Between celebrities they heard a brief discussion on proper handling of the flag by Marine sergeant Walter A. Petersen, Jr. The ladies found this subject more attractive in the abstract. They yawned through most of the sergeant's speech, awakening only to applaud when he said no other flag should supersede the American. When the flag was actually brought out, fully half the Daughters failed to salute with hands over hearts, as the sergeant had instructed. (Later still, the special flag brought out to honor the President almost fell to the floor. A quick-thinking page saved the situation by stuffing its holster with Kleenex.) The convention took elaborate security measures for the President's arrival, requiring all members and reporters to be seated an hour and a half in advance. Most delegates found the precaution thrilling, except for one sharp-tongued lady who afterward remarked, "I was here when Presidents Hoover and Coolidge spoke to the D.A.R. We didn't go through any security folderol then for the President to speak to a group of loyal American citizens. I tell you, this country is really going to the dogs."

"And Some Of Those Countries Aren't American At All"

Herblock in the Washington *Post*

Genealogy and National Defense

The D.A.R. was founded in 1890, and is open to women above the age of eighteen who are "descended from a man or woman who, with unfailing loyalty to the cause of American independence, served . . . in one of the several Colonies or States . . . ; provided the applicant is personally acceptable to the Society." Its present membership is about 180,000. Only one member, for reasons long since forgotten by the national officers, has ever been dropped for cause. Membership claims are rigorously examined by the Registrar-General, and about one claim in five is found valid. Financial levies are relatively light. Application for membership must be accompanied by $6, half of which is kept by the Society if the claim is rejected on genealogical grounds. Annual dues are $2 for a chapter member and $5 for a member at large.

The society has three main fields of action: historical, educational, and patriotic. In its historical function, it encourages the study of American history, and interest in genealogy; educationally, it owns and operates two schools in the South for underprivileged children and sends contributions to a dozen more. But only if a Daughter understands the patriotic phase, says the official handbook, "can she challenge the forces of socialism, internationalism, and Communism, which are threatening to envelop the world today."

The D.A.R.'s operations will be supplemented this year by a speakers' bureau to go before other civic groups to explain the national program, using material that is "factual, documented, and supplied by our National Defense office." The literature booth at the convention sold many samples of this material. Delegates went home well supplied with documents: *We Must Abolish the United States* and *It Isn't Safe to be an American* by Joseph Kamp; *The Lattimore Story* and *The Road Ahead* by John T. Flynn; *Let's Look at Our Foundations* and *Why You Buy Books That Sell Communism*, both bearing the imprint of a New York organization called Guardians of American Education, Inc.; and assorted copies of Frank Hanighen's *Human Events* and Merwin K. Hart's Economic Council Letter.

In spite of official encouragement, many of the members find genealogy more interesting than national defense. Almost all the Daughters who were interviewed by this reporter said that they had joined the society because their ancestry warranted it. They are not a wealthy group of women; most are small-town housewives, high-school graduates of the middle class. Most give their profession as "housewife," and have little but organizational or church work to occupy their time. They derive a certain sense of security and

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prestige from belonging to an organization with definite genealogical restrictions. Many spent the entire week of the convention in the D.A.R. library looking up their own heritage and checking the validity of others'. "When I think of our ancestors, how they died for the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence—" said one delegate, with tears in her eyes and a voice too choked by emotion to continue.

Majority Rule

The organization frankly takes its tone from the influence and opinions of the leaders. Convention delegates all rise at every appearance of President-General Grace S. Carraway, and all committee chairmen included in their reports a reference to the unfailing encouragement, inspiration, and leadership of Miss Carraway. Speakers at the convention are picked by Miss Carraway and the chairman of the Program Committee (whom she appoints). Resolutions may be submitted only by vote of the Resolutions Committee (appointed by Miss Carraway). Thus the organization reflects pretty faithfully her views.

The organizational setup makes it difficult for members to disagree with their leaders. Voting delegates are first elected by their local chapters. They may not submit resolutions from the floor, but instead submit them to the Resolutions Committee for affirmative action. If a delegate wishes to amend a resolution from the floor, she must submit four copies of her version, signed by herself and a seconder. She may speak only for three minutes in support of her change. Only three amendments were suggested this year, and each was squelched after a brief word from a member of the Resolutions Committee explaining that (but not necessarily why) the Committee was not in favor.

'I Don't Have Time . . .'

In conversations I held with about a hundred delegates, fewer than a dozen disagreed with national policies. One undaunted delegate said that she wished the convention would talk more about co-operation with other nations. "We can wave the flag so long," she commented. When asked how many of her sisters would agree with her, she replied, "I think a great many, but we're not vocal."

She was a rare exception. A Texas delegate was more typical, saying, "Heavens, I don't have time for politics myself. I wouldn't dream of arguing with our committee, after they put so much time into studying these things. I believe in listening to the experts."

A lady from upstate New York summed up the situation: "At lunch today I sat next to two gentlemen from the State Department. (Of course they weren't really gentlemen.) They really raked us over the coals. Said we'd be handed the line this afternoon and told just what to do. I never heard anything so silly in my life. Anyone who knows anything about women knows that you can't push three thousand women around. We just agree with what we hear."

The great majority of the delegates I spoke with either didn't hear the resolutions or felt that "the experts" knew what they were doing, so that they didn't have to concern themselves. Over a dozen felt that they not only understood the resolutions but agreed vehemently: "It's that United Nations I'm worried about"; "And the Washington *Post*—you know what that is. That fellow Herblock ought to be put in jail!"; "This business about government assistance. If the people of this country can't stand on their own two feet, the way our ancestors did, it's just too bad for them"; "I say I'm for the best man, but I'm really a Republican, I guess. Most said that the President's address was "the biggest thrill of my life," and Fulton Lewis, Jr.'s, talk was runner-up.

"Yoo Hoo! Boys! Are You Displaying The Flag Properly?"

However, the attitude toward Senator McCarthy was ambivalent. The resolutions did not mention him by name, and only Lewis referred to him directly. Mrs. Cassius Clay of Paris, Kentucky, took the floor briefly to argue against a resolution praising Congressional investigating committees. She felt that since there was then in Congress a conflict between one investigating committee and the Army (which is not a Communist organization, but one the D.A.R. has often praised), perhaps the delegates should withhold approval "at least until the truth has been demonstrated. . . . Caesar's wife should be above suspicion." A member of the Resolutions Committee quickly pointed out that the D.A.R. resolution was so vaguely phrased that it did not single out any committee, and the resolution passed with only Mrs. Clay's dissent.

In conversations the ladies were guarded about their opinions of the controversial Senator. One thought it would be beneath the dignity of the D.A.R. to notice him personally. Another said, "Of course I'm all for catching Communists. But I don't know about McCarthy—he may just be a publicity stunt."

Look Out for Liberals!

They had come to Washington to learn, they were going home enlightened. They were going to continue to work for the Bricker amendment, for, as the Ohio Senator told them, the "fight has just begun." They were going to oppose immigration, world government, and socialism. The chairman of the Schools Committee suggested that they heighten the work of screening textbooks for un-American influences. The chairman of the Motion Picture Committee urged increasing vigilance in rating movies. In their resolutions they had pledged themselves to seek "in their local communities effective measures" against teachers who invoke the Fifth Amendment. Whether they bestirred themselves or not, they had left their national officers with authority to speak in their names.

To top it all they had from J. Ed-

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gar Hoover himself new hunting licenses for a much wider variety of game.

"To me," the FBI director told the ladies, "one of the most unbelievable and unexplainable phenomena in the fight on Communism is the manner in which otherwise respectable, seemingly intelligent persons, perhaps unknowingly, aid the Communist cause more effectively than the Communists themselves. The pseudo liberal can be more destructive than the known Communist because of the esteem which his cloak of respectability invites."

THE DAUGHTERS were also given a sure-fire test for spotting subversives—anyone who criticizes Mr. Hoover's agency: "The FBI has been in the front lines of the fight against the Communist menace for many years. Its effectiveness can be measured by the intensity with which the Communists, their sympathizers and respectably cloaked apologists have advanced their attacks on the FBI."

Education in the South: If Segregation Is Ended . . .

DOUGLASS CATER

FOR eighteen months, Southern educators have been suffering acute jitters in anticipation of a Supreme Court decision on cases involving segregation in the public schools. When the Court reopened hearings on the cases last December, the jitters increased, for it was suspected this meant the Justices were going to face up squarely to the issues.

The foremost Southern political leaders have not done much to alleviate these jitters. Governor James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, for example, promised: "If the Court changes what is now the law of the land, we will, if it is possible, live within the law, preserve the public school system, and at the same time maintain segregation. If that is not possible, reluctantly we will abandon the school system." Governor Herman Talmadge of Georgia pushed through his state legislature a "preparedness program" to accomplish the same end.

Even among the Southern editors, scholars, and churchmen who have valiantly fought to end discrimination against the Negro, the present cases have presented a dilemma that seemed insoluble, at least along the orderly lines that they had worked out. If the Court should forthrightly outlaw segregation, would it not precipitate a battle in the South that might destroy achievements painfully won over the past two decades? Or if the Court avoids such a flat decision but calls for strenuous and swift fulfillment of the "separate but equal" doctrine on which the defendants base their case, how could the South bear the sudden economic burden without causing the white student's benefits to decrease while the Negro's were rising? In a region that did not completely achieve compulsory education until the end of the First World War, and which even today has woefully inadequate facilities, this does not seem a totally unlikely prospect.

How Real Is the Threat?

Before the Court acted, it was high time for someone to examine these problems calmly and factually. This is what forty-five experts, predominantly Southerners, have now done under the auspices of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education. The results of these studies have been turned over to Harry S. Ashmore, executive editor of the *Arkansas Gazette,* who has brilliantly reported them in *The Negro and the Schools* (published by the University of North Carolina Press). This document should play a useful role in combating potential hysteria.

Ashmore and his colleagues make no prediction as to how the Court will rule, but attempt instead to tackle the problem presented by any one of a number of possible decisions. How real is the threat of widespread strife and disorder if segregation on the lower school levels is declared unconstitutional? They first consider the experience of the graduate schools of twenty state universities and forty-six private and church educational institutions that have begun to admit Negroes since 1949. A series of field studies on seventeen of these campuses, under the direction of Professor Guy B. Johnson of the University of North Carolina, revealed several tense situations, but no more. Johnson reported:

"In almost every instance when a state institution was faced with the fact that it might actually have to admit Negroes, there were serious predictions of violence and bloodshed *if* this thing came to pass. To the best of our knowledge, the first drop of blood is yet to be shed."

Without much ado, members of the two races have established new mores. On the Louisiana State University campus, for example, Negroes room in the same dormitories, eat in the same dining room, but so far have not ventured into the swimming pool or attended a school dance. At the University of Arkansas Law School, a Negro student was elected president of a predominantly white dormitory. Generally, these "pioneers" have been treated either sympathetically or indifferently by their fellow students, and cautiously but fairly by the professors and college administrators. Most have had difficulties academically, due to weaknesses in their prior training. Only a very few, however, have had to drop out. Ashmore concludes: "The Southern public has not cheered integration in the graduate schools, but neither has it condemned it out of hand. . . . Nobody in the region seriously expects to see the tide turned back."

OF COURSE, the South could provide no data for the lower schools, but the Ashmore project has conducted field studies in twenty-five

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communities outside the South where school-segregation walls have been breaking down in recent years. These communities range from New Mexico to New Jersey, and the results have been varied. In southern New Jersey, for example, a well-staffed state agency managed, without use of its enforcement powers, to integrate forty formerly segregated school districts rapidly and painlessly. At the other end of the scale, Cairo, Illinois, a "sick city" long afflicted with a history of violence and corruption, erupted in an ugly way when the state legislature and Negro leaders tried to force the issue. Integration has proceeded slowly since then in Cairo. Ashmore finds that the experience of most non-Southern cities has fallen between these two extremes.

It must also be noted that in most of these communities integration has been largely a marginal operation as far as the actual mingling of students is concerned. Residential segregation patterns tend to perpetuate separation, even when the legal props are removed. Certainly such *de facto* segregation will persist for a long time in the South no matter how the Supreme Court rules.

Catching Up

Unless the Court reverts to a doctrine that predates its 1896 decree of "separate but equal" in the famous *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* decision, the schools will have to be equalized. Economists working on the Ashmore project asked the question: "Can the South afford it?" The answer seems to be "Yes."

It is not an easily arrived-at answer. There is, of course, a formidable gap between the schooling presently provided white students and that provided Negroes. An equally serious gap exists between urban and rural schooling, and within the rural school system the white-Negro gap is positively terrific. Besides the cement-and-mortar job that must be done, the whole system must be enlarged to accommodate a prospective twenty per cent greater school population over the next decade.

Progress has been made already. The South today is spending nearly twice as much as it did in 1940 on school-operating expenses, and nearly eight times as much on capital outlay. In 1940, only twenty-three cents was spent on capital investment for the Negro students to every dollar spent on the white; by 1952, the Negro was receiving eighty-two cents. A state like South Carolina, undertaking a $176-million program for new school construction, is designating sixty per cent of it for Negroes. Though ranking forty-sixth in per capita income among the states, South Carolina is now tenth in the proportion of personal income devoted to public-school expenditures. The South as a whole spends a larger percentage of personal income on education than the rest of the nation. Something akin to revolutionary zeal pervades the drive for more and better schools. As Governor Byrnes has remarked candidly, "To meet this situation we are forced to do now

what we should have been doing for the last fifty years."

To close the gap, the Ashmore group concludes, will cost an additional twenty-three per cent in annual operating expenses and $3 billion in capital outlay. Of course, the latter cost would be overwhelming if it were levied all at once, but *if* income continues to rise in the South at the present rate of 3.1 per cent per year, and *if* the same high proportion of it continues to be devoted to education, they estimate that the cost can be met in eight years. Of course, this effort would only gain the region a minimal education system, with standards somewhat lower than those in a number of the South's urban school systems today. To raise the whole system even higher would be an expensive task indeed. But here the South's problem would be no different from that of any other region.

Such economic forecasts fail to touch on the political conundrums involved, particularly the problem of how the richer areas of the South can be made to subsidize the poorer. But, as Ashmore points out, an incidental effect of the Negro's drive for equal treatment has been to force Southern legislatures to view the problem as a whole, and that fact in itself gives at least some cause for hope.

The report asserts that, contrary to popular assumption, segregation has not of itself been an important factor in school costs until now, and is not likely to be in the immediate future, since the problem has been mainly one of meeting minimum demands. But as the South builds up its school system to the point at which emphasis can be placed on qualitative rather than quantitative improvement, Ashmore predicts that economic pressures will become even more powerful than legal action in forcing integration.

Contributing to these pressures is the fantastic twin migration from farm to city and from South to North begun by the Negro in recent years and apparently still continuing. Nearly one and a third million Negroes left the farm during the decade 1940-1950; over a million quit the South. The sweeping nature of this change is made clear by a set of figures in the book's statistical tables, indicating that the Negro population of Montgomery County, Alabama, declined from 72.5 per cent of the total in 1900 to 43.6 in 1950. More and more the Negro is becoming a dweller in the old and decaying parts of the cities. Thus, Ashmore believes, the pressure to integrate will be felt keenly in two places: in the rural areas where separate schools for the dwindling Negro population will become increasingly costly, and in the "fringe" areas of the cities where the two races overlap.

'Way of Democracy'

"Segregation is on the way out," Ralph McGill, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution,* wrote, "and he who tries to tell the people otherwise does them great disservice. The problem of the future is how to live with the change." Yet the change may not

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be so rude or so sweeping as the white Southerner has feared. What is called segregation in the South is a set of social and economic mores that vary from one place to another. In recent times there has been an increasing apartness of the two races as the Negro has gradually achieved status as an independent economic bargaining agent.

It would be optimistic in the extreme to pretend that the majority of Southern whites are prepared to accept the Negro on a basis of equality or that the Negro is yet able to gain such equality. But change has been rapid, helped along by legal and economic pressures, enhanced by both religious and secular ideals that deny the idea of racial inferiority.

As Ashmore hopefully concludes, "In the long sweep of history, the public school cases may be written down as the point at which the South cleared the last turning in the road to reunion—the point at which finally, and under protest, the region gave up its peculiar institutions and accepted the prevailing standards of the nation at large as the legal basis for its relationship with its minority race. This would not in itself bring about any great shift in Southern attitudes, nor even any far-reaching immediate changes in the pattern of bi-racial education. But it would redefine the goal the Southern people, white and Negro, are committed to seek in the way of democracy." «»

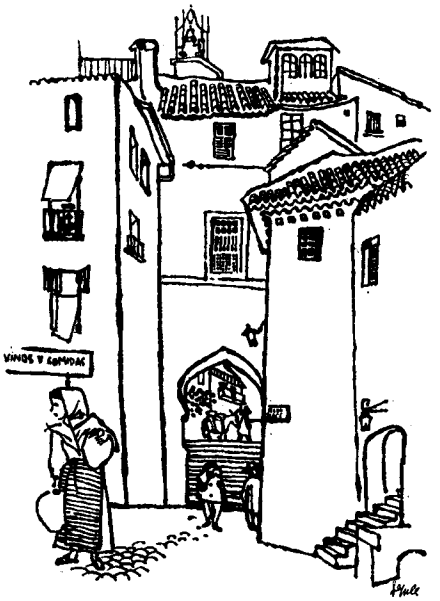
Algeria—France's Next Indo-China?

CLAIRE STERLING

The day the Second World War ended in Europe—May 8, 1945—one of the worst riots in the history of the French North African Empire broke out around Constantine, on the coast of Algeria. Nearly a hundred French colonists were killed. Between eight thousand (by French estimate) and thirty thousand (by Moslem estimate) natives were shot, lynched, or beaten to death in reprisal.

The Constantine uprising was put down in forty-eight hours, but the French have been putting down similar uprisings for nine years now along the thousand-mile coastline from Tunis to Casablanca, which is inhabited by twenty million people. This area, which includes Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco, is of great strategic importance to the French. It is also the one area of the French Union which is closest to becoming another Indo-China.

Censorship has considerably restricted the news from the French territories of North Africa; and what news there has been has come mostly from Tunisia and Morocco, where the assassination of a prince or the deposition of a Sultan has attracted international attention. Algeria hasn't provided many headlines since



1945. But the situation there is uglier than the French will admit.

Tout Va Très Bien

From the time Algeria was annexed in 1830, it has had a special claim on French pride and patriotism. It is true that apart from a few hundred miles of fertile plain along the Mediterranean and a few good mineral deposits, its land is mainly useless—the northern Sahara. But it was the oldest sizable colony of the French Empire; it has played an important role in French military history; its vineyards spring from the cuttings of French hillsides; its capital, the port of Algiers, is as mellow and unmistakably French as many cities on the Continent; and it is the home of a million French *colons* (colonial settlers), some of whose families have lived there for four generations.

It is, moreover, the one region in France Overseas where thousands of natives have for years thought of themselves—or wanted to be thought of—as Frenchmen, and where the earliest demands of native leaders were not for independence but for French democratic principles and stronger ties with Metropolitan France.

For seven years now, these natives have apparently had what they wanted. The trouble in Constantine jolted France into keeping a promise made and repeated over several decades. Algeria occupies a unique position among French overseas possessions. All of Algeria's eight million Moslems—Arabs and Berbers—enjoy full French citizenship; the three most thickly populated provinces—Constantine, Algiers, Oran—are regular French Departments with thirty seats in the Chamber of Deputies; and half these seats are reserved for Moslem Deputies elected by their own people.

Back in 1947, the National Assembly voted a new statue affirming the right of all Moslems in the country to govern themselves through free elections, and setting up an Algerian Assembly empowered to eliminate some of their oldest grievances. Specifically, the Assembly was instructed to:

¶Set up elected municipal councils in place of the "Mixed Communes" and "Southern Territories" through which France had maintained civil or military rule over ninety per cent of the Moslem population.

¶Give the Moslem church back to the Moslems. The French had ex-

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propriated all Mohammedan church property in 1830, and had kept such strict control over it since as to appoint not just the imams (priests) but even sweepers in the mosques.

¶Establish Arabic, along with French, as an official language in the schools and the state.

¶Give the vote to Moslem women.

Presumably these reforms have left the Algerian natives with nothing much to fight for, and ostensibly they've stopped fighting. There are no terrorists. There aren't even many nationalists visible. And no more than a handful of the natives' elected representatives could in any way be called combative. All fifteen Moslem Deputies in Paris are in complete harmony with the French Deputies from their Departments, and the same goes for all but five of the sixty Moslems in the Algerian Assembly. Even these five represent the moderate nationalist party, U.D.M.A. The extremists of the M.T.L.D. have no elected Deputies at all.

Yet despite this benign appearance, the extremist M.T.L.D., which is interested in nothing less than throwing the French out of Algeria, claims to be supported by nine-tenths of the Moslems in the cities and by somewhere between a half and two-thirds of the natives in the *bled,* or back country. What is more, most of its strength has been picked up since the statute was passed. Nor is this surprising, considering what has happened to the statute.

From the beginning, no one in Paris believed the statute would entirely satisfy the Moslems. French citizenship might have been enough for them before the Second World War. But the fall of France, the Atlantic Charter, the spread of independence through the Moslem world, the birth of the Arab League, the massacre at Constantine—all tended to turn Algerian natives away from the idea of assimilation and toward demands for full independence. Moreover, the statute gave them considerably less than equality at home; the *colons,* one-eighth as numerous as the Moslems, were guaranteed fifty per cent representation in all Algeria's elected bodies.

Beni-Oui-Ouis

Nevertheless, all Moslem leaders agree now that if the statute had been applied with what Léon Blum called "loyalty and trust," it could have brought peace to Algeria.

But seven years have passed, and ninety per cent of the Moslems are still living under French civil or military rule and the Moslem church is still in French hands. Not only are the Moslem Deputies laughed at by *colons* and natives alike as "Beni-Oui-Ouis" or "yes men"; they are described by the authoritative *Le Monde,* with reason, as "the walking dispatch cases of the French Administration, representing nobody but themselves."

On the record, these Deputies have been elected by the overwhelming majority of their constituents. In the 1951 Assembly elections, for example, Moslem voters in the commune of Aîn-Bessen gave their pro-Administration candidate 1,784 votes out of a total 1,800; in Palestro, 676 out of 676; in Beni-Rached, 728 out of 728; in Boudjerba, the remarkable total of 800 out of 500; and in Bibans, 862 out of 372.

There is no question about how these results are managed. The methods have been reported in documented detail by independent journalists and by observers for the French Socialist and Popular Republican Parties, who describe them as "covering France with dishonor" and as "absolutely intolerable."

Even without these witnesses, the details are available from the *colons.* Not only do they talk freely about the system; they claim personal credit for having invented it, thereby winning a victory, as one of them put it, "against all the odds and all the dreamers in Paris."

IF THE Statute of Algeria was ten years late for the Moslems, it came at least a century too soon for the *colons.* They too were alarmed by the 1945 insurrection. But they were convinced that the only way to handle nationalist sentiment was to suppress it by force. "In all North Africa," one of them wrote in an Algiers paper, "the hour has come for the *gendarme.*" They argued that to appease the natives by giving them citizenship was merely to reward them for sedition and that to give natives the vote was to invite the destruction of everything the French had been trying to do in Algeria since 1830.

The *colons* did more than oppose the statute. They threatened, on somewhat dubious grounds, to take the case to the United Nations, and if that failed, to secede from Metropolitan France and set up an independent republic. The National Assembly voted the bill anyway. But, as *Le Monde* commented later, "the French government was afraid of what the French government had done."

By the time the first Assembly election was held, in 1948, the

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colons had perfected a plan to cancel out its effects, and had also persuaded the Cabinet in Paris to look the other way. The plan worked as follows:

The presidents of all voting bureaus were the local French administrators, and, by order of Algeria's Governor-General, no candidates were permitted to have watchers present until the balloting was over.

The polling booths at Bou-Saâda, Tamakrat, Aziz, and Guendoux were closed after being open only two hours. Voting urns were filled before the polls opened in Orléansville, Blida, Cherchel, and Attatba. Regular urns were replaced by substitutes, with ballots neatly stacked inside, after the polls in Sidi-bel-Abbès, Saîda, and Aîn-Bessen closed.

In other districts, thousands of Moslems didn't receive voting certificates. Voting bureaus provided no private booths. Polling places were moved at the last minute from appointed buildings to others several miles away with no information posted about the new location. Police blockades kept voters from entering the polls altogether, and in several cases voting bureaus reversed their own official counts overnight.

A few nationalists were permitted to win for appearance' sake. But of the fifty-nine candidates put up by the M.T.L.D., thirty-three were jailed before Election Day; and of the nine who won, five were arrested as soon as the Assembly opened.

Except in the largest cities such as Algiers, where they would be too exposed to public view, these methods have been used and improved upon in every election held since and have kept the local legislature safe, at least as the *colons* see it. In its six years of life, the Algerian Assembly has not worked out the terms for a single basic reform—or done anything else, for that matter, except haggle over the price of Algerian wine. The *colons* regard this record as a safe one, but it has created a sullen and suspicious native population, far more menacing than any the *colons* have faced before.

You Can't Live on Wine

In Algeria, as elsewhere in North Africa, the generous aspirations of the French Republic have been betrayed by a small minority of its citizens, and a splendid chance has been missed.

Algeria has all the incentives for nationalism that exist in neighboring Morocco and Tunisia, and more. An official survey made in 1948 classified sixty per cent of all Moslem families in the colony as "totally indigent." The *colons* have expropriated two-fifths of the arable land, and it is by far the best land. The French have improved the land by modern methods, but that has only increased the Moslems' resentment. In addition, while a good number of the *colons* have only modest holdings and are only moderately well off, the rich are extravagantly rich. Seventy of them own half a million acres, and most of what they grow is exported to Metropolitan France,

leaving the natives with only a farmhand's wage of seventy-five cents a day and no other economic benefits. The biggest export crop is grapes for wine, which Moslems aren't even supposed to drink.

The wine problem is more serious than it might seem. Although Algeria could feed itself before the war, the population is growing by two hundred thousand a year, and that is too fast for the land to keep up. The population increase is a tribute to the French health program, which is admirable. But it also raises the question of sustenance, and wine isn't sustenance. Industrialization may be an answer. Algeria is industrially self-sufficient only in paper bags, bottles, and tin cans. But beyond this the possibilities are limited. The region has very little coal or any other resources for power.

Still, some prospects for development might exist, that is, if the *colons* didn't oppose the whole idea. By and large, they are much more interested in protecting the market for manufactured goods from Metropolitan France, where they have heavy investments. Besides, they fear the growth of a sophisticated and expensive native proletariat.

The Government-General has recently taken some steps to relieve the natives' economic misery. For instance, it has set up a rural amelioration program, to extend small government loans (the private interest rate runs as high as fifty per cent a year) and to improve yield. But to date, the program has affected only 120,000 Moslems out of almost six million living on the land.

Economic troubles aren't the only source of tension. There is the fact that since 1830 the Moslems have been denied the privilege of running their own church. There is also the question of education, not simply in Arabic but in any language at all. The *colons* have done their best to preserve illiteracy among the natives. During the centennial celebration of Algeria's annexation, in 1930, the French government offered a gift of $4 million for native education, but the *colons* turned it down. After 124 years of French rule, only sixty thousand Moslems have grammar-school certificates. There is room in the elementary schools for only 505,000 native children out of the two million who are of school age. Although the Government-General has just begun a program to accommodate 210,000 more in five years, the native population by that time will have increased by a million.

The situation is just as bad at the higher levels. Algeria has the only full university in North Africa west of Egypt. But of its five thousand students only 570 are Moslems. While there is no formal quota, the natives are discouraged from enrolling in hundreds of ways. They are also handicapped by inadequate preparation.

The lack of education is one reason why so few Moslems have been

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permitted to share in administration. There are obviously others. The fact that only five thousand of the sixty thousand functionaries on the French payroll are natives is in itself a poor showing. But the fact that 4,996 of these are either menial clerks or ushers is more appalling. Perhaps not many Moslems are fully prepared for government, but there surely must be more than four.

Abbas and Hadj

In spite of so many irritants over so many years, nationalism took longer to penetrate Algeria than anywhere else in North Africa. Indeed, Algerian nationalism scarcely existed before the war, and the Europeanized elite of the Moslem community would have nothing to do with it when it first appeared. "If I had found an Algerian nation, I'd be a nationalist," an outstanding leader of that community, Ferhat Abbas, wrote in 1936. "But I haven't found it. I've asked history. I've questioned the living and dead. I've visited the cemeteries. No one spoke to me of it, and no one believes in it."

Abbas started life as a Berber shepherd, but through self-education and contact with the French has become a cultured French intellectual. All during the prewar years, he could conceive of no greater future for his fellow Moslems than to win recognition and equality within the French family. The party he formed, now the moderate U.D.M.A., was made up of middle-class intellectuals. It was the only really important native party in Algeria until eventful 1945.

Abbas has very little influence today. He is completely outranked among the natives by Messali Hadj, leader of the M.T.L.D., who is described by his followers as being to Algeria "what Washington was to America, Kemal to Turkey, and Lenin to the U.S.S.R." He is not, as the Government-General claims, aligned with Communists, though he was one twenty years ago. He is, however, an uncompromising extremist whose program for Algeria is total independence under the patronage of the Arab League. "The *colons* can stay on, despite their abuses," he said recently. "But they must give up French citizenship, and those with too much land must offer it to the

new state. If they accept this peacefully, all right. If not, there will be civil war."

Hadj has been either in jail or in exile almost continually since 1937. At the moment he is confined at Niors, in France But his party has won the loyalty of almost all the native workers in the cities and that of an impressive number of other Moslems. In the larger cities, which have been electing their own councils for many years, the M.T.L.D. has been walking off with every Moslem seat in the councils; and where it advises abstention—as it has done in the *bled* for these last two Assembly elections – between fifty and eighty per cent of the Moslem voters respond by staying away from the polls.

Hadj himself does not deserve all the credit for his party's success. His own party workers attribute most of it to the *colons,* whose intransigence has made it impossible for any Moslem except a "Beni-Oui-Oui" to accept a moderate course any longer. Even Ferhat Abbas has become an extremist by *colon* standards. He still wants to keep the French in Algeria ("Their technical skill and our numbers make us about even, and we need each other"), but he will no longer settle for anything less than full autonomy. "It is an anachronism at the doors of Europe," he says, "for the French to insist any further on colonial control over a white race, linked to all Mediterranean races, perfectable, and demonstrably sincere in its desire for progress." And he is deeply disillusioned with the "lie" of assimilation. "There is a European bloc and a Moslem bloc in Algeria," he maintains now, "distinct from one another and without a common soul. It is impossible to go on hoping for reform through assimilation, when the *colons* have prevented it since 1887. From now on, Algerian Moslems ask nothing better than to be Algerian Moslems."

Courting Disaster

This profound change in Moslem feelings is not only embarrassing for the French government but also extremely dangerous for the *colons* themselves. Before the war they had a choice between Abbas and Hadj—immediate minor concessions against eventual major ones. But now they have lost Abbas, and very soon they may have to make a choice between Hadj and something much worse. In 1945, when Hadj and Abbas were both in prison because of the Constantine riots and when all nationalist parties were shocked and demoralized, it was the Communist Party that gained. In the municipal elections of that year—limited to a few big cities—the Communists shot up from zero to one hundred thousand votes. Moslems have little taste for dialectical materialism and Soviet atheism, and if they are drawn to revolutionaries, they prefer the Mohammedan kind. Without Hadj and his party, however, and with enough goading from the *colons,* they might some day decide to try what the Communists have to offer.

It isn't Hadj or his followers who point this out. The warning comes from Jacques Chevallier, the mayor

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of Algiers. Chevallier has no inclination to hand Algeria over to the M.T.L.D.; indeed, he defends the use of trickery in the elections as being the only sure way of avoiding such an eventuality at this late date. He does, however, believe that the *colons'* continuing refusal to compromise can lead to nothing but disaster. "Algeria can't be saved by a trial of strength, and only an imbecile would think it could," he says. "Eight million against one million, and we should fight against them?"

The solution, Chevallier says, lies in "understanding that we've created an inferiority complex among the Moslems and in working to wipe it out.

"All twenty-five Moslem members of my city council are M.T.L.D.," he points out, "and when I treat them with respect, like men, they collaborate perfectly. All our decisions, in fact, are unanimous, and we have no need of bullying or bribery. If we French can apply the same principle nationally—if we can bring ourselves to bring these Moslems out of the cage and into the light—we will no longer have a problem in Algeria."

THE *colons* may not have much time to take Chevallier's advice. As he himself admits, no political compromise is likely to work for long unless the French can also find a way out of Algeria's economic difficulties, and already they are racing against a depression. It was a severe drought that put the final edge on the Moslems' anger in Constantine in 1945. Another one like it, coming on top of accumulating economic difficulties, could make the next uprising worse. Even without that, the continuing pressure of a growing population could, in the longer run, have the same effect.

Of course the French may be able to go on putting down these riots for some years to come. But the twenty million Moslems in North Africa are the only ones of their faith who have not yet acquired independence. The area still open to old-fashioned colonialism has been steadily shrinking, and unless the *colons* are willing to change some of their prewar habits, the French Union may have as much trouble in North Africa as it has been having in Indo-China.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Looking Back on Eighty Years: 'We Are Freer . . .'

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

(Mr. Maugham presented the following reminiscences as a birthday speech over the British Broadcasting Corporation.)

AN EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY is, of course, nothing at all remarkable. People live much longer nowadays than they lived in the past, and one constantly hears of persons who are in their nineties and still in possession of all their faculties.

In my long life I have seen many changes in our habits and customs and our general outlook. Memories are short, and even those who were in their prime half a century ago can recall only with an effort how different the world was then. The young, of course, accept present conditions as though they had existed from time immemorial.

Gaslight and Hansom Cabs

The world I entered when at the age of eighteen I became a medical student was a world that knew nothing of aircraft, motorcars, movies, radio, or telephone. When I was still at school a lecturer came to Canterbury to show us boys a new and very inadequate machine which haltingly reproduced the human voice. It was the first gramophone. The world I entered was a world that inadequately warmed itself with coal fires, lit itself by gas and kerosene lamps, and looked upon a bathroom as a luxury out of the reach of all but the very wealthy.

The well-to-do—carriage folk they were known as—drove in broughams and landaus, lesser folk in hansoms and four-wheelers, popularly known as growlers, and lesser folk still in busses drawn by stout horses. German bands and organ grinders wandered about the streets of London and had to be bribed to move on. On Sundays the muffin man made his rounds ringing his melancholy bell and people came out of their doors to buy muffins and crumpets for afternoon tea.

IT WAS a very inexpensive world. When I entered St. Thomas's Hospital I took a couple of furnished rooms in Vincent Square for which I paid eighteen shillings a week. My landlady provided me with a solid breakfast before I went to the hospital and high tea when I came back at half past six, and the two meals cost me about twelve shillings a week. For fourpence I lunched at St. Thomas's on a scone and butter and a glass of milk. I was able to live very comfortably, pay my fees, buy my necessary instruments, clothe myself, and have a good deal of fun on fourteen pounds a month. And of course I could always in a pinch pawn my microscope for three pounds.

I had enough money to go over to the theater at least once a week. The pit, to which I went, was not the orderly thing it is now. There were no queues. The crowd collected in a

serried mass at the doors, and when they were opened there was a fierce struggle, with a lot of pushing and elbowing and shouting to get a good place. But that was part of the fun. I saw Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. I saw Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The

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Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and George Alexander in "The Importance of *Being Earnest.*" But my greatest pleasure was to go to the Tivoli on a Saturday afternoon. The music hall, now, alas, obsolete, was at the height of its glory. Dear Marie Lloyd, Bessie Bellwood, Vesta Tilley, Albert Chevalier, and Dan Leno were at the top of their form. Each of them, alone on the stage, was able to hold an audience entranced for twenty minutes at a time. The only comedian I have seen in recent years who could be compared with them was the lamented Sid Field.

Student Days

Traveling was cheap, too, in those days. When I was twenty I went to Italy by myself for the six weeks of Easter vacation. I went to Pisa and spent a wonderful month in Florence, where I got a nice room and my board in the house of a widow lady (of mature age) for three shillings a day; then I went to Venice and Milan and so back to London. The trip, including railway fares, had cost me twenty pounds and given me several hundred pounds' worth of pleasure.

I spent five years at St. Thomas's Hospital. I was an unsatisfactory medical student, for my heart was not in it. I wanted, I had always wanted, to be a writer, and in the evenings, after my high tea, I wrote and read. Presently, I wrote a novel, called *Liza of Lambeth,* sent it to a publisher, and it was accepted. It appeared during my last year at the hospital and had something of a success. It was of course an accident, but naturally I did not know that. I felt I could afford to chuck medicine and make writing my profession; so, three days after passing the final examinations which gave me my medical qualifications, I set out for Spain to learn Spanish and write another book.

Looking back now, after all these years, and knowing as I do the terrible difficulties of making a living by writing, the small chance there is of being successful, I realize that I was taking a fearful risk. It never even occurred to me. I abandoned the medical profession with relief, but I do not regret the five years I spent at the hospital—far from it. They taught me pretty well all I know about human nature, for in a hospital you see it in the raw. People in pain, people in fear of death, do not try to hide anything from their doctor, and if they do he can generally guess what they are hiding.

I began this not intending that it should have an autobiographical element, but I do not seem to have been able to avoid it. The next ten years were very hard. I did not follow up my first success with another. I wrote several novels, only one of which had any merit, and I wrote a number of plays which managers returned to me more or less promptly. During those ten years I earned an average of a hundred pounds a year. Then I had a bit of luck. The lessee and manager of the Court Theatre in Sloane Square put on a play that failed; the next play he had arranged to put on was not ready and he was at his wit's end. He read a play of mine called "Lady Frederick," and though he did not much like it, thought it might just run for the six weeks till the play he had in mind to follow it with could be produced. It ran for fifteen months.

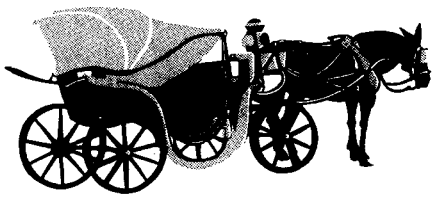
Social Life

Within a short while I had four plays running in London at the same time. Nothing of the kind had ever happened before, and the papers made a great to-do about it. If I might say it without immodesty, I was the talk of the town. One of the students at St. Thomas's Hospital asked the eminent surgeon with whom I had worked as a "dresser" whether he remembered me. "Yes, I remember him quite well," he said. "Very sad. Very sad. One of our failures, I'm afraid."

From his standpoint, I suppose it was. A good many other people looked upon my success at unmerited, and for all I know they were right. Anyhow it raised me from poverty to affluence and brought me many new friends. To go to the theater I no longer scrambled with the crowd to fight my way into the pit. I went in the stalls.

Now I come back to my original intention which was to tell you about the changes that have come about in the last fifty years or so. As a popular dramatist, much in the public eye, people asked me to dinners, and some of the dinners were very grand indeed. The men wore tails and white ties, the ladies rich gowns with long trains. Of course they wore their hair long piled up on their heads, and much of it was false. As the guests assembled in the drawing room, the men were told which lady they were to take down to dinner, and when this was announced you offered her your arm. The host went down first with the dowager of highest rank and the rest followed in a solemn procession which ended with the hostess, her hand on the arm of a duke or an ambassador.

THE AMOUNT of food provided at a party of this kind was prodigious. There was a choice of thick soup and clear soup to start with, then fish; after that came a white *entrée* and a brown *entrée,* then a roast. After that a sorbet was handed around. This was a water ice, and its object was to give you your second wind;



then came such game as was in season, followed by a choice of sweets, a savoury, and fruit. Sherry was served with the soup, and a variety of wines, including champagne, accompanied the courses that followed.

We who are used to the modest dinners of our own day cannot but

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marvel at the amount people habitually then ate. And eat it they did. Of course they suffered for it. They grew monstrously fat. At the end of the season they went to German watering places to put their livers in order and get their weight down. I knew one man who went to Carlsbad every year with two sets of clothes, one set that he traveled out with and the other set that he put on at the end of his cure.

Leaving Cards

After you had been to dinner somewhere, it was polite to pay a call on your hostess within a week. If she was not at home, which you fervently hoped she would not be, you left two cards, one for her, one for her husband; but if she was, you, in a frock coat and pepper-and-salt trousers, patent-leather button boots with gray cloth uppers, holding your top hat in your hand, were shown upstairs to the drawing room. You made such conversation as you could for ten minutes, and then, picking up your hat, which you had laid on the floor beside you, took your leave. When the front door was closed behind you, you heaved a great sigh of relief.

All through the season balls were given, and if you were on the proper list you might receive two or three invitations for the same night. They were not at all the casual affairs which I am told balls are now. The men wore tails and white waistcoats, high collars and white gloves. The girls had cards on which you wrote your name for whatever dances you could get. They were accompanied by chaperones, mothers and aunts, who sat about chatting with one another till four or five in the morning, but with a watchful eye on their charges to see that they did not compromise themselves by dancing too often with the same young man. There were no such dances as are danced now. We danced the polka and the lancers; we waltzed demurely around the room, and it was considered the height of bad form to reverse.

Weekend Parties

Then there were the weekend parties. By the time of which I am now speaking, I had bought myself a little house in Mayfair, still purely a residential district, and had acquired a cook, a housemaid, and a butler. In many grand houses twenty people or more would be asked for a weekend, and since the household staff could not cope with so many, one's hostess would write and ask one to bring a valet. The women were asked to bring a maid. I had no valet so I took my butler. Now in those days the guests' servants were placed for their meals in the servants' hall according to precedence of their masters and mistresses. I as an author had no precedence, and one day after we had been going to these parties for some months my butler came to me and said: "Look here, sir, I'm just about fed up with always being put right at bottom of the table at all these houses we go to. Couldn't you be made an M.P. or something?" I regretfully told him I could not and he must put up with the humiliation as best he could.

Of course at these parties everyone dressed for dinner as elaborately as at a London dinner party, but when the women retired for the night, the men repaired to their rooms to change their tails for dinner jackets, then recently introduced, and then went to the smoking room to talk, drink, and above all smoke, which they were not allowed to do in the drawing room.

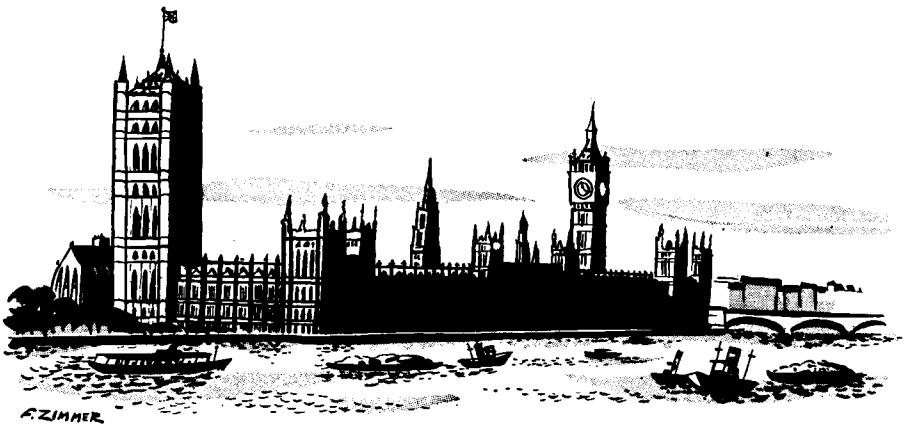
The Nouveaux Pauvres

Life was very pleasant in those days—for some. The poor lived in squalid, verminous slums, worked long hours for a pittance, and in their old age had little to look forward to but the workhouse. The fear of unemployment was always on their minds.

The First World War, as far as I remember, made little difference in people's lives. During the 1920's the rich seemed no less rich, the poor no better off. It was the Second World War, with its ruinous cost and the heavy taxation it entailed, which has brought about the momentous changes that affect us all. The rich are rich no longer. The great houses in which they lavishly entertained are turned into schools and institutions, or are left to go to wrack and ruin, and their owners are content to live in the porter's lodge or in a London flat. The great houses in Mayfair are now offices, and that once select district is a fashionable shopping center.

It is to the great credit of those who have lost so much that in general they accept the change in their circumstances not only with fortitude but with good will. The poor, no longer so very poor, are better housed and better clothed. They have at last obtained the chance to live decent lives and can look to the future without misgiving.

It is true that as a nation we are sadly impoverished, but in compensation as individuals we are freer. We have rid ourselves of many stupid prejudices. Relations between the sexes are more unconstrained. We are less formal in our dress and far more comfortable. We are less class-conscious. We are less prudish. We are less arrogant. In fact, I think we are nicer people than we were when I was young; and for all the hardships we have had to undergo, the scarcities, the restrictions, the regimentations, I think, we, the great mass of the people, are better off than ever before. The outstanding characteristic of the English people is good humor, and that, however adverse circumstances are, we seem able to maintain. It is a great strength.



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The Friendliest People In the World, Fundamentally

MARYA MANNES

THE MEN WERE in the library after dinner when the host, a public-relations man, collared the visiting Danish scholar.

"What beats me," he said, "is why all you people over there are scared of us. It's easy enough to see why the Russians should scare you. They're a primitive, aggressive race sitting right on your neck. But look at us. Did we ever want a war? It's all we can do to keep an army going. Why, we're the friendliest people in the world, fundamentally."

"That is what we always believed," said the pink-cheeked young man. The American looked at him sharply.

"Why the past tense? We're no different than we ever were."

"I am sorry, sir, but we believe that you are. You see"—and here he blushed—"we believe you are a violent race."

"Violent? Whoever put that idea in your head?"

"It is what we see—what we read. Those comic books for children—"

The American laughed, slapping his guest on the back. "Oh, those. My dear young man, my two boys were addicts and look at them now. Good clean young Americans, normal as they come. There's a lot of hysteria about that."

"I have heard, sir, that over twenty million crime comic books are published every month. And over the radio, at an investigation by Senators, I heard from people and doctors what they were doing to delinquency."

"There's no proof, absolutely no proof. Sure, neurotic kids get ideas, maybe, but there's no proof."

"There was in these hearings," the young Scandinavian persisted earnestly, "a publisher of crime comics. A Senator held up to him the cover of one of his books showing a man holding in one hand an ax and in the other the cut-off head of a blonde woman. And the Senator asked, 'Is this in good taste?' and the publisher said, yes, it was, for a cover of a horror comic book, but that it would be bad taste if the man were holding the head higher so that the neck would show with the blood dripping from it. And the Senator said, 'You have blood dripping from the mouth. You believe that is not violent?' "

"SURE, it's terrible," said the American, "but that's ."

"If fifty million children see things like this every day, do you not think

they will feel less about shooting and murder and rape? They will be so used to violence that it does not seem like violence any more." As the American was occupied in lighting his cigarette, the Danish scholar went on, "Your juvenile crime has risen greatly in the last year, I read."

"Plenty of factors. Slums. Broken families . . . My dear fellow, don't blame it all on the comics. Anyway, you can't stop them."

"We have," said the Dane. "We think they are like the narcotics trade, only for the mind. We forbid them."

"Couldn't do that here, my boy. Freedom of the press."

AN AMERICAN journalist came to join them, hearing "press." The host said, "Al, this young man thinks we're a violent race. Basing it all on comic books. I told him—"

The Dane interrupted, "No sir, I did not mean only—"

"I agree," cut in the journalist, and then to the Dane, "What else makes you think that?"

"Oh, many things. Please, I like the American people very much, you are generous and kind, but this I speak of is something that is new, that was not before. I am thinking of your high-school students in their black leather jackets. They are loud and angry and dirty-mouthed and have no politeness at all. They do not seem to believe in anything. They are violent, like young storm troopers. And your sound, it is always too loud. It is violent to the ear. And your bus drivers and motorists—they are always angry and brutal. I do not see any self-control anywhere—in the children or in the old. I have not anywhere seen discipline."

"Oh, cities are always like that," said the public-relations man. "You ought to get out into the country more. That's where you'll find more people are decent and friendly."

The journalist grinned. "Did you see a TV show on Studio One about a month ago called 'Thunder on Sycamore Street'?"

"Yeah, Ruth and I did. Thought it was good, but overwritten and hysterical."

To the Dane the journalist said: "It was about a nice little suburban community, where all the neighbors in one street ganged together to throw out another neighbor because he was an ex-convict. They threw stones at him."

'The Oath! The Oath!'

The young student shook his head. "That is too much. Surely it is not possible here."

"I didn't think so either . . . until I heard a CBS documentary on Mrs. Peress and her Queens P.T.A. on the radio."

"Mrs. Peress? The wife of the army

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dentist who was charged with having been a Communist?"

"Yes. Well, Edward Morgan—that was the commentator—was interviewing the mothers and neighbors and P.T.A. members concerned, and what came out made 'Sycamore Street' seem like a kids' party. Apparently at that meeting in Queens grown women screamed at Mrs. Peress: 'The Oath! The Oath! Make her take the Oath!' Mrs. Peress told Morgan she'd never seen such 'undemocracy'; she didn't think it was possible here. She said it was like people screaming 'Confess! Confess!' at the Salem witches. From all accounts, these ordinary housewives and mothers behaved like a crazed mob. The whole neighborhood was rotten with fear."

"Well now, Al, people *are* worried about Communist infiltration, you know. You can't exactly blame them."

"But what are they afraid of, for heaven's sake?" exploded the journalist. "That their children might be subverted by contact with the children of a woman who was married to a man who might have been a Communist? Mrs. Peress wasn't teaching. She'd apparently done a perfectly loyal job editing the P.T.A. magazine."

Sublimation, Anyone?

"If you'll excuse me," said the young Dane, "I think there is one cause for all this violence."

"One?" asked the journalist wryly.

"What I have been thinking is that your people are so soft physically—their life is so soft—that they must be violent in other ways. They do not walk or work in the open air or exercise as our young people do. They eat too much and they ride everywhere and they sit in hot rooms looking at things. So they must put their energy into their feeling. It has no physical way out."

"You may have something there," said the public-relations man. "My God, you ought to hear the squawks from my boys when they can't have the car for a party half a mile away!"

The journalist turned to the Danish scholar. "What do you think about the brawl in our government?"

Here the young foreigner blushed deeply. "I think I should not speak about this," he said.

"I think that is the direct product of this violence you speak of. It is a violence against truth, against morality. It is this violence that creates and supports a McCarthy. Isn't it really this kind of violence that scares you people more than any other?"

"Look here, Al," said the publicist, "don't try to tell us that everybody in the world is honest and moral except us!"

"Certainly not. But we're the only ones who think we are."

"Is it possible, perhaps," said the young Dane hesitantly, "that you cannot have power without violence?"

"It is possible that you can," said the journalist, "and we made a good start in that direction. But now . . . Well, it depends on how many of us wear black leather jackets, break the windows of neighbors, scream 'Take the Oath!' and violate the truth. Isn't that what you're scared of, really, you people in Europe? That and the H-bomb?"

"I WOULDN'T worry too much," said the public-relations man, patting the scholar paternally on the back. "Just remember our boys in Korea—they were wonderful to the kids there. Fundamentally, we're the kindest people in the world."

Someone else had engaged the young Dane's attention, and the American took his compatriot to one side, saying in a low voice, "Too bad—sounds like he had a dose of Red propaganda along the line."

"Think so?" said the journalist as he drifted away.

The Big-Game Hunter Who Tamed an Elephant

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, Jr.

THE DAYS OF ARMAGEDDON, 1909-1919 (LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Volumes VII-VIII). Edited by Elting E. Morison. *Harvard University Press. $20.*

THE REPUBLICAN ROOSEVELT, by John M. Blum. *Harvard University Press. $3.50.*

ELTING E. MORISON has now brought to completion his notable edition of the letters of Theodore Roosevelt. *The Days of Armageddon* is the appropriate title for two reasons—not only to mark the Bull Moose campaign of 1912, when the Progressive Party pledged itself to battle for the Lord, but also to evoke the more authentic Armageddon that followed in Europe and condemned the fire-eating Roosevelt to his final years of frustration and bitterness.

This eight-volume set will stand as a landmark in American historical scholarship. And as a pendant to the *Letters,* there has now been published *The Republican Roosevelt* by John M. Blum, who, as associate editor of the *Letters,* contributed many of the valuable footnotes and appendices.

PROFESSOR BLUM focuses on a neglected but central aspect of T.R.—the man as politician. We know him in every other role, Mr. Blum correctly complains—as trust-buster, as conservationist, as militarist, as naturalist; but we know him least in what was his longest and most cherished part—as "a professional Republican politician from New York." *The Republican Roosevelt* traces the steps by which Roosevelt rose from the New York Assembly to the Vice-Presidency; and then, in the most interesting passages of the work, Mr. Blum analyzes the means by which T.R. in the White House developed and amplified the arts of political leadership. Accidental President by virtue of an assassin's bullet, regarded with suspicion by Mark Hanna, who was the actual ruler of the Republican Party, Roosevelt proceeded with ruthless skill and inexhaustible energy to surround Hanna, isolate him, neutralize him, and make the Republican Party the effective instrument of his own desires and policies.

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Out of this experience Roosevelt emerged with a clear-cut conception of the basic problem of being a Republican—a conception often stated in Volume VII of the *Letters*. The Republican Party, as T.R. saw it, was composed of two conflicting traditions. One group, "the heirs of the Cotton Whigs," was in his view reactionary, cowardly, and selfish; this group represented above all the business community, "men very powerful in certain lines and gifted with the 'money touch,' but with ideals which in their essence are merely those of so many glorified pawnbrokers." The other group were the heirs of Lincoln, dedicated to "sane and tempered radicalism," to justice and the public welfare. The Hannas had continued the tradition of the Cotton Whigs—the faction of the Whig Party which had refused to make an issue of slavery in the 1850's; but, as T.R. modestly put it, "while I was in power I got the Republican Party very well back to the Lincoln basis. . . . I endeavored to make the Republican Party the radical progressive party, as it had been in the day of Abraham Lincoln."

After 1909, to his alarm and horror, he found his party, once he was out of office, slipping back to evil ways. He tried at first to correct these tendencies from within. Failing in this, he opposed Taft for the Republican nomination in 1912; defeated here, he led a mass defection out of the Republican Convention to form his own party. I wish that Mr. Blum had subjected the events of 1912 to a more extensive analysis, because here the master professional politician—like another master pro, Van Buren, in 1848—threw the book away and indulged in the egghead's luxury of a lost cause.

Leopard and His Spots

With all his stunning gifts and successes, why did Roosevelt fail so miserably in his seven years in the White House to remake the Republican Party? He had it back, he thought, "to the Lincoln basis"; yet within two years his successor, whom he had chosen himself, had so succumbed to the Cotton Whig tradition that in another two years the Lincolnian felt he had no choice but to leave Lincoln's old party.

T.R. himself repeatedly and volubly identified the cause of his failure, even if he may not have always been consistently aware of it: He could neither educate nor conquer the leaders of American business. With all his vigor and with his supreme qualities of leadership, he could not master the tradition of the Cotton Whigs except when he had all the power of the White House behind him; and while he could control it

precariously then, he could not, as the succeeding years showed, reform that tradition or destroy it. The worst government of all, he wrote to Lord Bryce in 1916, "is the government of the very rich . . . the government of a plutocracy, a mere government of men who accept money-making as the highest, and indeed, the only higher expression of man's activities." Yet the faith in plutocracy turned out to be—save for the strange interludes of Lincoln and T.R. himself—the dominating tradition of Republicanism.

In 1918, in one of his last speeches, Roosevelt tried to outline a postwar program for the Republican Party. He called for a system of old-age, sickness, and unemployment insurance, for public housing, for Federal irrigation projects, for measures to combat farm tenancy—all proposals far in advance of anything contemplated by Wilson and the Democrats. The contrast between Roosevelt's program and Harding's Administration showed how total T.R.'s defeat had been, how far and irrevocably his party had strayed from the Lincoln line.

THE PUBLICATION of these volumes thus becomes particularly relevant for 1954. A new Republican Administration is confronted with the problem of governing in the interests, not of a class, but of a great and variegated nation. The new Republican President is a man of good intentions and high ideals. Can he succeed where Theodore Roosevelt failed?

The contrast between them is already striking. Where Roosevelt could write, "The men with whom I feel genuine sympathy are not big business men, big corporation lawyers, big contractors," Eisenhower dines with the leaders of big business, golfs with them, and regards them as the best brains of the country. Where Roosevelt would write, "I am in every fiber of my body a radical," Eisenhower boasts of his economic conservatism. Where Roosevelt would write, "No greater harm can be done to the body politic than by those men who, through reckless and indiscriminate accusation of good men and bad men, honest men and dishonest men alike, finally so hopelessly puzzle the public that they do not believe that any man in public life is entirely straight" (and even, in a burst of prescience, could denounce "demagogues of the McCarthy type"—though he evidently meant Patrick H. McCarthy of San Francisco), Eisenhower does not believe in discussing personalities. T.R. did not always live up to his words, but his mere utterance had significant educational value.

The Roosevelt experience shows how difficult the task of getting the Republican Party back "to the Lincoln basis" must be. A party so com-

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mitted by past history and present conviction to an uncritical faith in business wisdom and to the service of a single interest cannot easily be reorganized to serve the multi-interest needs of a multi-interest country. Yet a driving Presidential leadership can do something. If T.R. could not make his reconstruction of the party stick, at least he was able through his mastery of the resources of politics and his genius for personal leadership to overcome the single-interest drift for the seven years of his own Administration.

Many fine and decent Republicans of the Lincoln-Roosevelt school counted on a new birth of Republican leadership in 1952. But the inescapable question two years later is whether any Republican President who will not fight as hard as T.R., work as hard as T.R., politic as effectively as T.R., watch business pretensions as coolly as T.R. and care as much about social reform and conservation as T.R. can make any dent at all on the vast body of plutocratic inertia which is the present expression of the tradition of the Cotton Whigs.

So far as present evidence is concerned, the Eisenhower approach is not likely to do the trick. «»

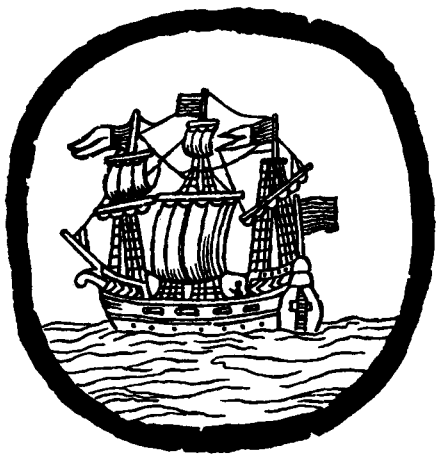
Communist Power And Indian Policy

HAROLD ISAACS

ASIA AND WESTERN DOMINANCE: A SURVEY OF THE VASCO DA GAMA EPOCH OF ASIAN HISTORY, 1498-1945, by K. M. Panikkar. *John Day. $7.50.*

BETWEEN 1948 and 1953 the public and private reports of K. M. Panikkar, India's Ambassador to China, had much to do with shaping Indian attitudes toward Chinese Communism. Panikkar helped in every way he could to persuade Indians that the Peking Communist régime was democratic in form and fact, its domestic aims worthy and beneficial, its external acts wholly peaceful in content or purpose. Panikkar was later India's Ambassador in Cairo, and there are some who connect him with the neutralist sounds now coming out of that capital. While thus busily engaged, Panikkar has also found time to produce a book of history in which he attempts to reinterpret the whole 450-year period of Europe's impact on Asia from Vasco da Gama's first landing in India in 1498 down to the end of Europe's power in our own day. In his book Panikkar continues his politics by other means.

The job of evaluating this book would be much simpler if Panikkar were a routine Communist politician and this book the work of a routine Communist hack. But Panikkar is something much more complicated; he is a shrewd, cynical, facile, and ambitious Indian politician who appears to have decided that India's future as a great power in Asia lies



in an accommodation to the Soviet power system—if not, indeed, in becoming a part of it. He appears to think that Russia and China are riding the crest of the wave of the future, and that India must in some way ride with them if it is to fulfill a role as the power center of a vast belt of southern Asia stretching from the Red Sea to the outermost islands of Indonesia.

This apparently need not mean, in Panikkar's thinking, that India itself must go Communist. He hedges characteristically on this issue, presenting the Russian Revolution to Indians as the herald of a brave new world for all Asia, while insisting at several points that India's greater religious and cultural cohesion gives it greater powers of resistance to Communist ideas than were inherent in the more secular, rationalist structure of Chinese thought and society. But he is careful to leave this an open question. For Panikkar, power is the thing; its form is a matter of detail.

These views emerge only by implication in this book. They were much more bluntly set forth in a book Panikkar wrote in 1943, called *The Future of Southeast Asia.* At that time Panikkar saw his dream of Indian power being realized through the same kind of interim accommodation to a new external combination of powers. But at that time it was going to be the revised power system of the West, with India joining the United States, a revitalized British Empire, a "regenerated" China (which he still saw then as a Nationalist China), France, and Australia in a rearrangement of power interests and defensive combinations. This system was designed, fascinatingly enough, to set up a bulwark against Russia's "southward march," which Panikkar predicted would be resumed after the end of the war. He particularly saw the need of a partnership between India and China for this purpose.

Panikkar Sniffs the Wind

Since 1943 the victory of the Chinese Communists has shifted the Asian balance of power. Panikkar has shifted with it. He now sees the future in terms of a rearrangement of power relationships among India, China, and the Soviet Union, instead of between India, China, and the West. Thus Panikkar, who could write eleven years ago of the "misery," "violence," "civil war," and "destruction" wrought by "impatient idealists" along the Communist path, has become transformed into a diplomat and publicist who sees only the good, the true, and the beautiful in the Communist transformation of China. Thus Panikkar in his present writing does a complete job of plas-

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tic surgery on the historic face of Russia, changing it from an aggressive, expansionist power into a power that is not only benevolent now toward Asians but always has been down through the centuries.

For some savor of the extraordinary degree of intellectual and moral opportunism involved here, it is worth noting that Panikkar in the past was *not* a supporter of Communism; he was not even a supporter of the Congress freedom movement under Gandhi and Nehru. Of Nehru's own generation and like Nehru a product of a British education, Panikkar chose to adapt himself to British rule rather than to oppose it. His major career before India's independence was in the role of courtier to Indian princes, whom he served as official, minister, and spokesman. And so while the Congress path to freedom lay through British jails, Panikkar's led him through the marble palaces of the maharajahs.

It is obvious that we have here a man of considerable intelligence and ability with a strong affinity for established power, a high capacity for calculating personal and political choices with minimum hindrance from moral scruples, and an interest in manipulating the elements of power—or in this case the facts of history—to his chosen ends. If events prove him "right," Panikkar will be a major figure in tomorrow's India.

Historical Grab Bag

Panikkar's foray into history in the interests of these calculations is no work of independent scholarship. Panikkar makes no pretense whatever of opening up any new sources of Asian historical materials or of introducing facts hitherto unknown or ignored by western historians. On the contrary, his careless, irregular, and scanty bibliographical notes show that he simply has drawn at will from established western works, and mostly from a few books in the English language at that. Aside from a bit of terminological trickery such as his use of the term "Vasca da Gama epoch," he has nothing to add to the record, and often does a rather poor and sometimes incoherent job of resummarizing it.

On the other hand, as an interpreter of some facets of this history, he often writes with perception and sometimes with brilliance. Of course Panikkar reviews the long history of the foolishness and rapacity of the western white man in Asia. In his considered estimate of the underlying European contribution in forcing Asia out of its old molds, and especially his evaluation of the British impact on India, he is broad and even generous to a degree that few simple-minded nationalists and no single-minded Communists could accept. But where he passes to matters impinging upon his geopolitical conceptions and interests, he can adopt, apparently without a tremor, the system of calculated selection, omission, and falsification that is best exemplified in our time by what we know as Stalinist historiography.

He squeezes his history to the last possible drop to help establish the sense of Indian-Chinese affinity that is a prime item in present-day Communist propaganda in India, even stopping to deny in a footnote that a large Chinese fleet which sailed into the Indian Ocean some six centuries ago committed any aggressive acts against India.

PANIKKAR'S most sedulous efforts here are reserved for a repainting, or complete whitewashing, of the historic role of Czarist Russia in relation to China during the European epoch. Panikkar has had to ignore blandly or deliberately misuse a vast mountain of historic documentation to try to establish that Russia was always a benevolent and understanding friend of China in contrast to the malevolent powers of the West, and that it joined for a short while in the attempted dismemberment of China at the end of the last century only because the Czar was under the baleful influence of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. In this extraordinary performance, Panikkar goes further than any but the most recent of Stalinist historians. He does so, of course, to exorcise the demon of Russian expansionism, the same "southward march" toward the Indian Ocean of which Panikkar himself was writing eleven years ago. There is in his treatment of eminent bygone Russians a tone of flattery almost worthy of a Byzantine courtier, a tone that Panikkar presumably found effective with his princes

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and that he thinks will work on the barbarians in the Kremlin today.

He attempts to remove another historic shadow in the matter of Chinese expansionism toward the southern seas. In this connection it is of interest to note that the British writer Guy Wint, to whom Panikkar pays a special prefatorial tribute as guide and mentor, writes very plainly in his book *The British in Asia* of the need to realize that a strong China in modern times must be expected to resume its own southward march. "Should China," Wint wrote in 1947, "overcome its internal divisions it will have both resources and ambitions which may make it a difficult neighbor for the countries of South Asia."

Panikkar, who quotes extensively from Wint on other subjects, is very careful not to quote him on this one. But it is obvious that he cannot be free of this preoccupation. Indeed, the truest thing to say about the particular kind of Indian political mentality represented by Panikkar is that it finds itself in the anteroom of the totalitarians not because of stupidity or malevolence, but because of fear.

BOOK NOTES

PICTURES FROM AN INSTITUTION, by Randall Jarrell, *Knopf. $3.50.*

MR. JARRELL is widely and deservedly known as a poet and a critic. In this book, his first novel, his talents in both capacities are brilliantly demonstrated. Half satire, half parody of life in a progressive women's college, the book describes not so much the institution as the people in it; these people do not grow, they hardly move, but like figures in a painting they do exist, indubitably and with sharper-than-life precision.

The author lavishes his most devastating imagery on the professional boy president of the college and on Gertrude Johnson, a visiting lady novelist of formidable penetration and malice. It was foolish of the president to say that Gertrude's bark was worse than her bite: "Gertrude's bark *was* her bite; and many a bite has lain awake all night longing to be Gertrude's bark." The trouble with Gertrude, who could be "witty without even lying," was that "she did not know—or rather, did not believe—what it was like to be a human being." As for the president, "He was a labyrinth in which no one could manage to remain for even a minute, because there were in it no wrong turnings."

The interplay of wit, sensibility, and perception ranges from clever and too-clever gibes to tight, neatly turned epigrams. Thus, of a hatchet-faced Yankee: "Mr. Daudier had been pushed up and down New England several times, head-first, by a glacier; this face was what was left. (Or, from another point of view, New England was what was left.)"

Or again, "To Americans, English manners are far more frightening than none at all." Or again, "I decided that Europeans and Americans are like men and women: they understand each other worse, and it matters less, than either of them suppose."

In the show windows of art galleries, one often finds mounted over an old Dutch still life or interior a magnifying glass trained on a particularly crowded bit of canvas. Seen thus, the perfection of detail seems endlessly fascinating. But presently one feels the need of movement, air, and openness. Reading Mr. Jarrell's book is rather like that. In the end it becomes, for all the extraordinary entertainment it provides, something to escape from.

•

GENERAL DEAN'S STORY, as told to William L. Worden by Major General William F. Dean. *Viking. $5.*

"SOME people who had escaped from Taejon that day [July 20, 1950] reported that they last had seen me firing a pistol at a tank. Well, they did, but I'm not proud of it. As that last tank passed I banged away at it with a .45; but even then I wasn't silly enough to think I could *do* anything with a pistol. It was plain rage and frustration—just Dean losing his temper."

General Dean's 24th Infantry Division was the first to land in Korea from Japan in a desperate attempt to slow down the massive Communist armored onslaught from the north. Surrounded in Taejon after three weeks of fight-and-fall-back, Dean and his forward Headquarters men tried to shoot their way out. They ran into a roadblock, abandoned their jeeps, and were scattered in the dark. After more than a month of lonely wandering toward the U.N. lines, the General was betrayed, physically overpowered, and captured. As a prisoner of the North Koreans from August 24, 1950, until September 4, 1953, Dean was interrogated, systematically frozen nearly to death, threatened with torture, starved to a skinny caricature, and moved from one squalid hut to another as the fighting swayed north and south.

The great enemy was time. Dean fought boredom by setting new records in fly swatting (522 kills in a day; 25,475 in the year 1952), calculating squares and square roots, and just thinking. One of the things he thought about was his military governorship of South Korea from October, 1947, to August, 1948, and how he could have done that job better. A few of his conclusions ought to be pasted inside the brass hat of every officer in command of U.S. armed forces overseas:

". . . first . . . to emphasize to our own people the terrific harm done by thoughtlessness. . . . Again and again I was told that this man or that one had come north because he had decided he never could get along with people who called him a 'gook,' or worse, among themselves; because he resented American attentions to Korean women; or because he hated to see foreigners riding in his country in big automobiles while he and his family had to walk.

"When I was governor a Korean newspaper, in a friendly news story, once called me 'the general who walks,' because of my habit of walking to the office—for exercise, not political effect . . . At the time I thought the title was amusing, but before I left Korea in 1953 I realized that walking had been one of the best things I did in that job and much more effective than some of my carefully planned activities. If I were governor again I would certainly walk more—and so would a lot of other people in the American part of the government. And use of the term 'gook,' or its many equivalents, by Americans, would be an offense for military punishment."

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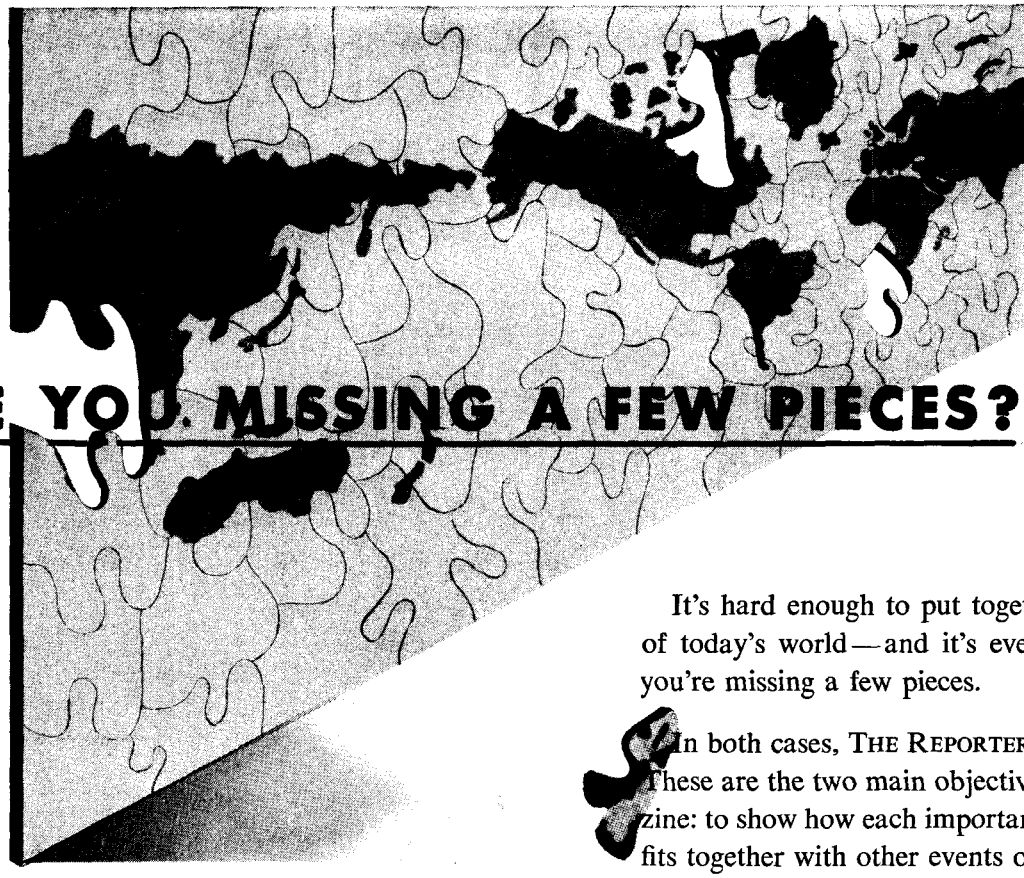

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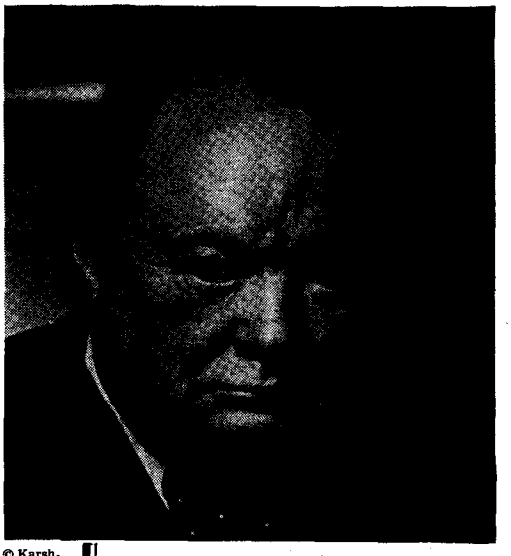

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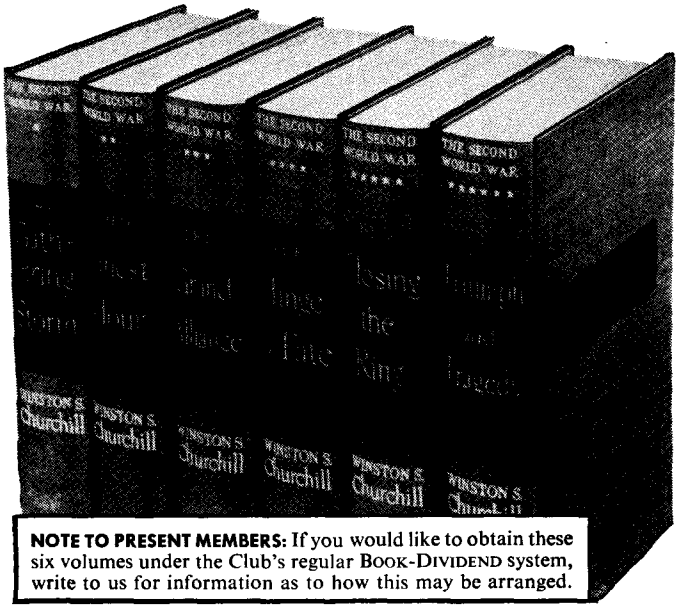

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